

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 235.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1832.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper has been REDUCED IN PRICE from Eightpence to FOURPENCE, at which rate all the previous Numbers may now be had.

REVIEWS

The Maid of Elvar; a Poem, in twelve parts.
By Allan Cunningham. London, 1832.
Moxon.

If we are a trifle more enthusiastic in commendation of this poem than becomes our critical dignity, our apology is soon made. We have known the poet long enough to love the man; the open-hearted sociality of evening hours have, with us, mellowed off into the sober earnestness of friendship; and if there be truth in the received opinion, that deep thoughts are but deep feelings, the cold judgment that knows no difference, is not worth a rush. The public have little to fear from these errant passions—they are “skyeey influences,” that visit us but as the sweet southern air comes to our chilly island, at wide intervals, making memorable and glad holidays—they are not trade-winds that blow everlastingly.

Besides—with all becoming consciousness of our present relative position in the world of letters—we look on Allan Cunningham as a sort of pet protégé. It is twenty years since, rummaging the then obscure shelves of the worthy Mr. Bohn—no offence to the wealthy bibliophile in Henrietta Street—we chanced to light on a volume of Nithsdale and Galloway Songs. Young enough to be enthusiasts, we bought all the copies—a trade “remainder,” as experience would say;—distributed them among good men and true—and, having some knowledge of Mr. John Scott, then editor of the *Champion*, volunteered in his paper two long, laboured, and, as Dominie Sampson, we fear, might add, “prodigious” articles, on the discovered treasure. What effect our critical opinion had on the world’s judgment, it is not in the modesty of our nature to insinuate—certain however it is, that after our purchase of all remaining copies, the work became scarce—Allan Cunningham became known—and the author of ‘Waverley’ gave immortal praise to his lyrics.

Under these circumstances, we have the self-complacency of human nature to justify our receiving, with the welcoming hands of old friendship, ‘The Maid of Elvar;’ and years of experience have added little to our judgment if the world do not sympathize with us.

‘The Maid of Elvar’ must be considered as a national poem—it may not unfairly be described as a rustic epic: the dramatis personæ are the inhabitants of the pastoral districts of Scotland; the language is the language of the people, varied only according to their rank and education; and the tastes, habits, manners, are all local. There can be little doubt, that, in many of the fine natural descriptions with which the poem abounds, the poet is but pouring out the full-

ness of his recollection, and recording the deep sympathies of his young heart. Mountain and valley, “the vaulting sea” and the sleepy sedge brook—the song of birds, the melody of flowing waters—the sport of the May-fly, and the leaping of the mottled par—the humming of the moss-bee—and

The crystal tarn, where herons droop their bills—
The mute unchanging glory of the eternal hills—
a line worthy of Shakspeare—are here discoursed of by one who has communed with the elements, and whose cheek the sun has embrowned. Therefore it is, that all natural things come upon us in this poem with the freshness of nature itself: here the grey morning and the dewy eve seem to close in a natural day; spring is the harbinger of summer, and we see autumn gather up its full sheaves and ripened fruits, as if we were home-dwellers amidst the rural life of Dalgonar. Here is an autumn morning:—

Day dawned. The laverock from his wing the showers
Shook ‘neath the day-star as he warbled forth;
Flocks shone with dew; the small birds from the
bowers
Sent joyous carollings o’er the brightening earth;
Flocks rose, and lowing, joined the general mirth;
Tower-top and tree to kindle had begun;
The cottage smoke went streaming to the north;
To harvest horns rung vale and upland dun,
And forth young Sybil came, and rose the spotless sun.

And fair, O vale! thou didst to Sybil look,
What time the west wind wafted from afar
The shepherd’s song, and from the rustling stook
The farm-lad whistling filled his tumbler car;
Flies swarmed—among them leaped the mottled par,
The sun dried up the dew, and loud and clear
Horns rung on Campel and horns rung on Scaur;
Men stooped them to their tasks, and far and near
Hands moved, and sickles shone beneath the ripened ear.

Hill looked o’er hill, and cot o’er cot arose;
Hill towered o’er hill, green brae succeeded brae;
Wood waved o’er wood, and white as winter snows
On knolls around the shepherd’s himself lay.
The village smoke curled in long wreaths away,
The scent of herbs and flowers filled all the breeze;
The black cocks crowed upon the mountains gray,
The flocks came lowing forth to lawns and leas,
And tongues of busy bairns hummed thick as swarming
bees.

And now evening comes upon us—

The sun
Behind the mountain’s summit slowly sank:
Crows came in clouds down from the moorlands dun,
And darkened all the pine-trees, rank on rank;
The homeward milch-cows at the fountains drank;
Swains dropt the sickle, hinds unloosed the car—
The twin hares sported on the clover-bank,
And with the shepherd o’er the upland far,
Came out the round pale moon, and star succeeding
star.

Star followed star, though yet day’s golden light
Upon the hills and headlands faintly stream’d;
To their own pine the twin doves took their flight;
From crag and cliff the clamorous sea-mews scream’d;
In glade and glen the cottage windows gleam’d;
Larks left the clouds, for flight the grey owl sat;
The founts and lakes up silver radiance stream’d;
Winging his twilight journey, hummed the gnat—
The drowsy beetle droned, and skimmed the wavering
bat.

Again—

Nigh the hill the sun’s bright border came,
And poured its fire slant on the summit green:
On every field were busy labourers seen,—
On every road there rolled the tumbler-car;

Whips smacked, steeds snorted, fast the pitchforks
sheen
Moved, and the corn ricks, ‘neath the twilight star,
Rose fast, and harvest-horns rung o’er the hills afar.

Sweet was such sound to those who toiled since morn,
Maids hung their sickles in the standing stook,
And from their ringlets plucked the bearded corn;
Or from their hands the stinging nettles took,
And laved their foreheads in the running brook,
And gave their hot necks to the dewy air;
The dewy air its glittering diamonds shook,
Bright and profuse amid their sooted hair,
And cooled the grass, and gemmed white feet and
aules bare.

The horses loosed from labour gambol round,
Drink in the streams or browse the tender grass;
Cows leave their pastures, o’er the moistened ground
Their udders drop white fragrance as they pass;
To where with milk-pail stands the bare-armed lass;
And every vale and hill and haugh pours home
Its people; nigh each farmer’s door a mass
Of rustics stand; slow moving others come,
Enjoying eve’s sweet air on rivulet bank, and holm.

This was the last night of the week, and joy
Was in the land, both man and beast were glad;
The air was balmy, from the heavens high
The clear moon chased off every vapour sad;
The groves with rooks as thick as leaves were clad,
The honey dew the hare licked from her feet;
The shepherd freed his right arm from his maud,
His plum-tree whistle dipt in odorous weat,
And from the green-hill side sent down his ditty sweet.

From earth to glowing heaven is full of joy.

We have the same scene described, differing only in its beauty:—

Horns told aloud
That day was done; stars glimmered; shearers soon
Dropt their reap-hooks, and in the crystal flood
Cooled their hot hands and brows, all tail-bedewed;
Homeward they went, and as they went they sang
Of holy love, or some unholy feud;
Or told sad tales which live but on the tongue
Of hinds, and made us weep when we were soft and
young.

It is evident to us, that the poet’s heart is overflowing when he remembers these scenes of his youth: it is this spirit that thus breaks out:—

Vale of Dalgonar, dear art thou to me!
Dearer than daylight to the sick at heart;
Hills rise between us and wide rolls the sea,
Only to prove how passing dear thou art,
’Tis with my feet not with my heart ye part.

And in this spirit he describes it:—

Now look.... and mark
O’er many a farm-house, many a ranked stook,
Our pastoral country’s upland barrier dark,
Where flocks graze numerous and the sheep dogs
bark;
Along yon moorland brown with heather bells,
There swarm the honey-bees and sings the lark;
While grouse, which summer saw burst from their
shells,
Rough-footed run o’er knowes where moss-bees build
there cells.

Nor deem, because it wants the cowslipped knolls,
The white swans grazing the flower-bordered flood,
The lily beds which scent the naked soles
Of pilgrims, with the scallop-shell and rood,
That it is desolate utterly and rude:
The bracken dells, the music of the rills,
The skipping lambs—o’er the wild solitude—
The crystal tarn where herons droop their bills,
The mute unchanging glory of the eternal hills:

Mute, save for music of the many bees,
And dead, save for the plover and the snipe.

We cannot doubt that many of these beautiful descriptions are as faithful as if we had dug for them into the ponderous dulness of a topographical dictionary:—

A small and pleasant bay—
A crescent-bay half garlanded with trees,

Which scented all the air; whose blossoms gay
Were rife with birds, and musical with bees;
And danced in beauty in the seaward breeze;
While o'er the grove ascended Elvar Tower,
A mark by land, a beacon on the seas—
With fruit trees crowned, and gardens hung in flower,
Dropt round with fairy knolls and many an elfin hower.

But though all we have quoted is beautiful, we do not consider it as characteristic of the poem. 'The Maid of Elvar' is essentially Scotch—purely pastoral—full of home scenes of humble life, brought as vividly before the reader as in the substantial realities of a picture; and it is rich in those natural, dramatic transitions—those simple touches of pathos and humour—which, if it may be permitted to us southerners to offer an opinion, has been the distinguishing peculiarity of the national poetry of Scotland, from the Gabelunzie Man and the Jolly Beggar to the Gentle Shepherd and the glorious works of Robert Burns. These scenes, however, are so natural—the manners of the people so simple—that it is possible our readers may prefer what they have read to what we shall now extract; yet what a reality is there about the Sabbath morning—the church—evening prayers—the harvest home. Here is the dance:—

A brimming cup young Eustace brings,
The crouter takes it—drains it to a drop—
A new soul now seems sounding in the string;
Each heart leaps light as starts the music up;
The roof-tree trembles with its grassy cope,
From hole and crevice mice in wonder peep;
The hoary handsman nod each bonnet top,
Dance with their knees and regular measure keep,
Adown their ancient cheeks the drops of gladness creep.

Now Eustace leads the fair young Sybil out—
Her feet beat witchcraft as she heads the dance;
Lads, like a garland, hem her round about,
While love rains on them from her dark eye glance:
The maidens near her, tittering, take their stance,
And on her swan-white neck and snowy arms,
Her small and nimble feet, they look a-kance;
The hoary fiddler, as he listens, warms,
And draws a lustier bow, and gazes on her charms.

But when the music's full infection stole
Throughout her frame, and kindled up her veins,
She shook her curls, and through her eyes her soul
Sent such a shower of rapture, all the swains
Stood gaping as the parched flower when it rains.
She sailed along, and, like a sorceress, flung
Her own sweet spirit o'er the crouter's strains;
Her feet had language, such as hath been sung,
That spoke to every heart as plain as with a tongue.

All eyes were sparkling and all hearts were light,
Waved many a hand and bounded many a foot;
Old men of past and youths of present might
Smiled gladness, and with whisper, smack, and shout,

Through reels in dozens swept the dames about;
The barn-roof wagged to its remotest raft:
Light, mirth and music gushed in gladness out,
Far o'er the lea: old men looked on and laugh'd,
Cried, weel done Jock and Jean, then deep of brown ale quaff'd.

We shall leave the supper untouched, for we have no relish either for "damasked haggis," "a singed sheep's head," or "bracksha, best of food," although we can play a most musical knife and fork upon occasions; and the worthy people themselves fall to with an irreverence that has promise in it:—

Amid the grace the haggis on the platter
Raised such a steam, the douce laird of Drumbrag
Could not endure't—his mouth was in a water.
"Ha'done, ha'done," he said, a jockeileg
He snatched, and cut: far pushing o'er the peg
There came a reeking deluge, rich and savoury.
"Take this now, Marion—and take that now, Meg;
This is a food unknown in lands of slavery."

Dames smiled, but dreading drops, quick gathered in their bravery.

Living in a "land of slavery," we read of these free-born suppers with an abasing wonderment. This "bracksha," with us, rivals in mystery the black broth of the Spartans—it is a charmed thing—a mystery Scotchmen are sworn never to reveal. Of the two hun-

dred and odd thousands that have kindly come here to take charge of us, for our "goods"—and "chattels,"—not one could we ever prevail on to give us the least insight into the real nature of this "best of food." We had hopes, indeed, from the open generous nature of the Ettrick Shepherd, and congratulated ourselves, when we first heard that he had left the capital of his country for this capital of his countrymen; and accordingly, after due libation of whisky-toddy, we once ventured to bring round the conversation to this interesting subject: but, no sooner was "bracksha" mentioned, than such "a stour of tongues" bewildered us—there was such a volley of superlatives poured out from every Scotchman's mouth—that, for any information we got, this "best of food," may be a collop from a dead hog, or dog, or mountain sheep, or shepherd.

But instead of digressing, we must think of bringing this article to a close. One other scene, however, we shall transfer—a scene that would have been characteristic of England when it was "merry England,"—and that, we fear, is hardly characteristic of Scotland now,—a scene of innocent mirth and revelry, lit up, not, indeed, with "antique masque and pageantry," but the "jig" of our ancestors:—

There is no want of gladness and great mirth;
The harper with a merrier hand the strings
Sweeps, and the pride of blood and lordly birth
Is slumbering with all other slumbering things.
Lo! joy hath lost its feet and found its wings;
Where Lady Sybil dances in the hall
The old men gaze, young men lean round in rings;
The portraits of her lineage on the wall
Seem touched with sudden life, rejoicing one and all.

And she hath called to mind an Interlude
Of rustic play, where Waste makes war on Thrift.
Forth to the floor there steps a peasant shrewd,
Who of each national drollery knows the drift.
With lighted torch he sings and dances swift;
Soon by his side a maiden o'er the floor
Moves grave, and scarce her foot at first can lift;
She bears a distaff in her hand, and sure
Draws out the thrifty thread, and sings a song demure.

Thrift dances as she sings, and all her strain
Is of domestic gladness, fire-side bliss,
And household rule; nor thought loose, light or vain,
Stains her pure vision of meek happiness;
Religion's comforts, wedlock's holy kiss,
The white web bleached by maiden's whiter hand,
The lisping children in their home-spun dress,
The wealth which gathers 'neath Thrift's magic wand,
The fame of a chaste life amid a virtuous land.

Waste danced, and sang a free strain and a light;
Of young Joy's foot which gaily out can measure
Life's weary way; of Love, whose fingers waltz
Strew all youth's way with fresh flowers plucked from pleasure;

And Laughter loud, who never yet found leisure
To pause and think; and Merriment, who coins
The tears of sadness into current treasure;
And Wantonness, his hot lips moist with wines,
And Pleasure ever gay, with loose ungirded loins.

They danced with many an antique touch and turn,
And like wild levin flashed and flew about;
Waste with his torch strove aye the roke to burn,
While Thrift, as nimble as the starting trout,
When slacks the sharp shower and the sun shines out,
Turned, wheeled, and flew—and there rose such a clamour:

"O well done, Thrift!" the hoary-headed shout;
While young men's tongues rung sharp as a steel hammer—

"Waste, well done, Waste! now nought will save the roke but glamour."

This was at a peasant festival at Elvar Castle, and see the thronging hundreds:—

The summer flowers with bees
Ne'er swarmed more populous than the lonesome glen;

The swelling hillocks and the lofty trees
Are covered less with grass and leaves than men;
For one staid dame I wot are damsel ten,
With gladsome eyes, white hands, and sunny brows;
The brook clear shadings all their shapes agen;
Pure as it runs its tranquil course, it glows
With eyes like new-found stars, and cheeks like odorous rose.

And see the separation of the assembled multitude:—

Now the whole multitude dissolved like snow.
Each separate glen received its people back,
The murmuring brooks, which from the uplands flow,
Showed in their streams their children's shadows black:

Along the moorlands' brown sheep-trodden track,
Maiden and swain bath homeward made them boune.

With talk like this all weariness they wiled
Away, and stole some long miles from the road;
Lads spoke, maids listened, and, approving, smiled—
All that was lovely seemed to be abroad:
Dews lay like diamonds showered on every sod;
Rills murmured music, torrents rushed less rude:
The sky above was brightness—brighter glowed
The arched heaven, where mirrored in the flood
Lay mingled all her stars, with mountain, tower, and wood.

But down an eerie and a rugged way
Rode Ralph Latoun; through Ruthwell's pine-trees dark
He spurred: the desolate bat and owl gray
Skimmed round; he heard the stealthy weasel's chark;
The lonely glow worm kindled up its spark;
Starr flashed and darted wildly through the night—

But we must have done. The parts we least like, are the supernatural:—Sir Goblin, and the Spectre Bark. To the Faeries we presume not to object, because they are in agreement with the belief of the people, and as certainly made a part of the rustic creed in Scotland, as witches in our own; the cottage tale recording that they left the country only when agriculture had poisoned the ground, and machinery the streams—but we have no sympathies with these worn-out superstitions.

The volume is beautifully got up, and graced with a sweet vignette of the Piping Shepherd-boy, designed by Wilkie and engraved by Burnet.

Klosterheim; or, the Masque. By the English Opium-Eater. 1832. Edinburgh, Blackwood; Cadell, London.

THE wayward fancy and peculiar feeling which made the 'Confessions of an English Opium-Eater' a story of such enchaining interest as amounted almost to a spell, have not come in their full strength to the aid of the author in his new tale of 'Klosterheim, or the Masque.' We have long been of opinion that the chief charm of the 'Confessions' lay in our belief that the narrative was all true, or that at least it owed its existence less to imagination, speculating on the probable effects of opium, than to the melancholy trial which the author himself had, in an evil hour, made. Whatever powers of creation may reside in the mind of De Quincey, it is plain that the present work must owe its attractions to something else than to splendour of imagination, for there is little of that sort of mastery visible here; and, what is also to be regretted, we have little of what can be called fresh and original in human character. Nevertheless, we have much beautiful writing—we have page following page impressed with that fascinating elegance of style which marked the author's earlier works: we have no want of scenes touching and impressive; and everywhere we see an intimate acquaintance with the leading events and results of the thirty years' war which desolated Germany. Schiller's History, and 'Wallenstein's Camp,' have made us all acquainted with the character of those eventful times, which peopled Germany with warriors of all nations, and of almost all religions. Knowing this, at least, we

opened the book with the hope of meeting one or more of our own distinguished countrymen—some of those seven thousand Scots, or three thousand English, whose bravery, and enthusiasm, and devotion, are still remembered by the Protestants of the whole north of Europe. The author has, however, contented himself with materials purely foreign, and raised with them a sort of dark superstructure, which he probably believes unites the picturesque of the German with the science of the English.

The 'Masque' is the story of a German Prince, whose father was murdered, and his patrimony usurped by a neighbouring chief, during the days when Gustavus conquered, and Tillie and Piccolomini fought; on the death of those leaders, and when the fortunes of Sweden began to decline, the young disinherited prince appeared, first, as a student in his native place, and gained the regard of his countrymen, and next, as a man in a mask, to the horror of the Usurper, who imagined that he beheld in this mysterious being the spirit of the prince whom he had murdered. We cannot, however, give anything like the outline of a story so sinuous as this: we have plots of all complexions; secret meetings; midnight musterings; wanderings above ground and below; tapestried chambers; concealed doors; ready dags and daggers; dark lanterns; sealed packets; martial-law; robber-law; resolutions suddenly formed, and as quickly abandoned; a hero who escapes being murdered because the assassin mistook him for a ghost; a heroine who only escapes death by being murdered by proxy;—in short, we have a succession of love-makings, assassinations, and masquerades, till the fated day arrives, which hurls the usurper from his seat, and restores and marries the rightful heir. We can afford room only for the appearance of the masked Prince in the presence of the Usurper.

"There stands he that governs Klosterheim by night!" thought every cavalier, as he endeavoured to pierce the gloomy being's concealment, with penetrating eyes, or by scrutiny, ten times repeated, to unmask the dismal secrets which lurked beneath his disguise. "There stands the gloomy murderer!" thought another. "There stands the poor detected criminal," thought the pitying young ladies, "who in the next moment must lay bare his breast to the Landgrave's musketeers."

"The figure meantime stood tranquil and collected, apparently not in the least disturbed by the consciousness of his situation, or the breathless suspense of more than a thousand spectators of rank and eminent station, all bending their looks upon himself. He had been leaning against a marble column, as if wrapped up in reverie, and careless of everything about him. But when the dead silence announced that the ceremony was closed, that he only remained to answer for himself, and upon palpable proof—evidence not to be gainsayed—in capable of answering satisfactorily; when, in fact, it was beyond dispute that here was at length revealed, in bodily presence, before the eyes of those whom he had so long haunted with terrors, The Masque of Klosterheim,—it was naturally expected that now at least he would show alarm and trepidation; that he would prepare for defence, or address himself to instant flight.

"Far otherwise!—cooler than any one person beside in the saloon, he stood, like the marble column against which he had been reclining,

upright—massy—and imperturbable. He was enveloped in a voluminous mantle, which at this moment, with a leisurely motion, he suffered to fall at his feet, and displayed a figure in which the grace of an Antinous met with the columnar strength of a Grecian Hercules,—presenting, in its *tout ensemble*, the majestic proportions of a Jupiter. He stood—a breathing statue of gladiatorial beauty, towering above all who were near him, and eclipsing the noblest specimens of the human form which the martial assembly presented. A buzz of admiration arose, which in the following moment was suspended by the dubious recollections investing his past appearances, and the terror which waited even on his present movements. He was armed to the teeth; and he was obviously preparing to move.

"Not a word had yet been spoken; so tumultuous was the succession of surprises, so mixed and conflicting the feelings, so intense the anxiety. The arrangement of the groupes was this:—at the lower half of the room, but starting forward in attitudes of admiration or suspense, were the ladies of Klosterheim. At the upper end, in the centre, one hand raised to bespeak attention, was The Masque of Klosterheim. To his left, and a little behind him, with a subtle Venetian countenance, one hand waving back half a file of musketeers, and the other raised as if to arrest the arm of The Masque, was the wily minister Adorni—creeping nearer and nearer with a stealthy stride. To his right was the great body of Klosterheim cavaliers, a score of students and young officers pressing forward to the front; but in advance of the whole, the Landgrave of X—, haughty, lowering, and throwing out looks of defiance. These were the positions and attitudes in which the first discovery of The Masque had surprised them; and these they still retained. Less dignified spectators were looking downwards from the galleries.

"Surrender!" was the first word by which silence was broken; it came from the Landgrave.

"Or die!" exclaimed Adorni.

"He dies in any case," rejoined the Prince.

The Masque still raised his hand with the action of one who bespeaks attention. Adorni he deemed not to notice. Slightly inclining his head to the Landgrave, in a tone to which it might be the head-dress of elaborate steel-work that gave a sepulchral tone, he replied,—

"The Masque, who rules in Klosterheim by night, surrenders not. He can die. But first he will complete the ceremony of the night, he will reveal himself."

"That is superfluous," exclaimed Adorni; "we need no further revelations.—Seize him, and lead him out to death!"

"Dog of an Italian!" replied The Masque, drawing a dagger from his belt, "die first yourself!" And so saying, he slowly turned and levelled the barrel at Adorni, who fled with two bounds to the soldiers in the rear. Then, withdrawing the weapon hastily, he added, in a tone of cool contempt, "Or bridle that coward's tongue."

We wish our gifted author would abandon Germany for ever and aye, and set up the standard of his genius once more on English ground. He is strong at home and weak in a foreign land. What has he made of his long-promised romance of 'The Page, a Tale of Marston Moor'? Let him hang the garlands of his genius on legends of his native land.

† A sort of pistol or carbine.

Tales of the North-west; or, Sketches of Indian Life and Character. By a Resident beyond the Frontier. Boston, Hilliard & Co.; London, Kennett.

THE ends of the earth are, in these latter days, met together. Half a century has effected an entire revolution in all our ideas of time and space; and the editor, who now sits down, in the heart of London, to minister to the public intelligence, through the channel of a weekly publication, should have a range of vision supplied by all the resources of some spiritual *Dollond*, and a wing like the "tricksy" Ariel's, able to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." The fabled glass of Pythagoras, by which he was enabled, through the medium of the moon, to communicate with lands the most remote, has been almost realized, in its spirit, by the power of modern invention; and the public expect to find on the "disk" of any periodical, setting itself up to be a luminary to them, something like a faithful reflection of the achievements of intellect, throughout the whole circle of its domains, without any regard to obstacles of mere mensuration. They can hear now, without any expression of surprise, and without setting him down as, therefore, a conjuror, that the same sage appeared, at one and the same time, in the distant cities of Crotona and Metapontum;—and refuse to be any longer put off, even by Irish editors, with the old Hibernian excuse, so long suffered to pass current, that "a man cannot be in two places at once, barring he was a bird." They know better; and will not accept of intelligence from one place, as any apology for the absence of news from its antipodes. Our readers cannot have failed to observe, that we have, for our own parts, eschewed all such subtleties; and, that the *Athenæum* is, in the literary sphere, what the moon was anciently to Pythagoras, a medium for the inter-communication of mind between all the points of its circumference. Seriously, we have been enabled, while we kept our subscribers *au courant du jour*, in all matters connected with intellectual exertion at home, to afford them many glimpses of the literary and scientific proceedings of the rest of the world. France and Germany have yielded up their treasures to us, pleasant and welcome. From America, we have gleaned something, and have yet more housed than we can display—and, not long since, we introduced our readers to the first-born of invention in Van Diemen's Land.

The tales before us, are of no very high pretension as tales. They are of very slight construction, and somewhat monotonous, as all unembellished pictures of savage life (where the modes of thought and action are few and primitive) must be, after the novelty of our introduction to those modes is exhausted. Notwithstanding that they deal in wholesale murder, to an extent which would be a fault if it were anything but a truth, their interest is not highly wrought, nor their excitement anything like intense. But, they are wholly free from that picturesque exaggeration with which the subject of aboriginal character in America has been invested; and which, in the hands of genius, has given a charm to the subject, not resident in itself, and fatal to the truth of the portraiture. The author states, that he has derived his knowledge of Indian habits and feelings from

personal observation;—"not such as may be made while travelling through the Indian country at the rate of a hundred miles *per diem*; and still less the knowledge that may be acquired by a residence near the degraded race, that a constant intercourse with the frontier settlers has made miserable." It has been impossible not to perceive, in the many pictures of savage life, (from those of Chateaubriand to Cooper,) with which the press of both continents has furnished us, for some years back, that the *traits* were chosen for dramatic effect, the qualities elevated to the dramatic tone, and all the characters made, like those of old Greek tragedy, to wear the dramatic mask;—that, in fact, the aborigines were put into attitudes, and made to speak in language, which were too constrained and artificial to represent the modes of ordinary life, anywhere under the sun,—though they might be true enough as occasional records of excited passion or formal exhibition. The sense of the ideal and imaginative, was gratified by such works; although the sense of the natural and probable, was no more satisfied, than if we had been assured that the natives chose, at all times, to put themselves to the great inconvenience of walking upon stilts. It would be impossible, in such case, not to feel that, although they might delight in the occasional, or even frequent, displaying of such dignified feats, there would be times (such as those of weariness or danger) in which they must act upon the impulses of an undistorted nature, and condescend to the extemporaneous and unincumbered use of the faculties which God had given them. Our author's remarks on this subject are so sensible, that we cannot do better than transcribe them. He says,

"If the works above alluded to may be considered a criterion, it seems to be the commonly received opinion, that the aborigines are all heroes; that they are all insensible of fear, and strangers to weakness. It would appear that their strongest passions are hourly called into exercise; that their lips never part but to give utterance to a sentiment, and that glory and honour are to them all, as the breath of their nostrils. Is this their true character? No; the author's experience teaches him that they are neither more nor less than barbarous, ignorant men. Their passions, when excited, are more furious than ours, because unrestrained by principle; and explode with more violence because they are instructed from early childhood to repress and conceal, till it may be safe to indulge them. There are wise and good men among Indians, but they are few and far apart, as in civilized nations, and about in the same proportion to their numbers.

"They have as many of the vices and follies of human nature as other people, and it is believed, no more. An Indian may be dishonest as well as a white, and is about as likely to forgive an injury; if it be not such, as, according to the customs of his tribe, must be expiated with blood. The heart of man beats neither slower nor faster under a blanket than beneath a coat and waistcoat.

"The key to much that appears strange in the character of the aborigines may be found in one word—inconsistency. No certain judgment can be formed of an Indian's future conduct, by the past. His behaviour in all probability will not be the same in the same circumstances. He is the child of nature, and her caprice will dictate his course. Thus he may steal from his neighbour one day, and return him fourfold the next. When suddenly attacked he may fly;

yet when he has made up his mind to fight, no one shows more courage. He has no laws, but he has customs which have the force of laws; yet sometimes interest, or the instinct of self-preservation, prevails over pride and shame, and he evades their observance.

Another error is, that he is supposed to speak in the language of poetry on all occasions. It is thought he

— cannot open
His mouth, but out there flies a trope.

In consequence, those writers who introduce our savages into their works make their discourse a farrago of metaphor and absurdity. This folly had its origin in speeches delivered in councils. Such effusions are not extemporaneous, but studied efforts, in which the speaker purposely obscures his meaning with parables and verbiage, often not understood by his brethren, and not always by himself. The author has frequently seen the half breed interpreters completely at a loss; unable to comprehend their mother tongue thus garbled. By a very natural mistake, these orations are taken for specimens of ordinary Indian discourse; a most lame and impotent conclusion. In truth, nothing is more flat and common-place than their common conversation. They speak with as little circumlocution, and as directly to the point as any people. Some figurative idioms may indeed be found in their several tongues, as well as in those of civilized nations; but to cut the matter short, if any man were to address an Indian in such language as is put into his mouth by the novelists, he may as well speak Hebrew." p. v.—viii.

When we say that these tales are an illustration of the above reasonable and clever observations, and are, we suspect, valuable, as furnishing plain and just views of Indian manners, we have no doubt our readers will think it worth their while to turn to the volume. We had intended here to have extracted for their entertainment, an American-Indian love-tale, which, (besides exhibiting a dandy of the Western Forest,) displays the passions brought into action, and the manner of their action; but we find it too intimately interwoven to admit of judicious abridgment, and too long for extract: we must therefore confine ourselves to a short anecdote, gathered from the adventures of a certain Pinchon, whom the author describes as a sort of Canadian Rob Roy, but who appears to have been, at all events, a very distinguished and adventurous scoundrel:—

"One more of his exploits, for its almost incredible temerity, we shall relate, and then make an end of our story. When his boat arrived at the portage of the Wisconsin, on his return to the Sioux country, it was necessary to dry a part of the cargo, which had been wet by a shower, the night preceding. The canvass mentioned in a former sketch, as used to cover Macinac boats, was spread upon the ground to dry. While he and his men were engaged in eating, an enormous rattle-snake crept out of the grass, and stretched himself in the sun upon the canvass; thinking, it is probable, that it was placed there for his reception. It is well known that this reptile is a generous enemy, never doing any injury unless molested, nor then, without giving warning. When Pinchon and his comrade returned, they perceived the individual in question.

"Le Duc seized a stick to kill it, but Pinchon held his arm, while the serpent regarded them with the utmost indifference. 'Joe Le Duc,' said Pinchon, 'we are called brave men. Should you like to try which is the best entitled to the name, of the two?'

"And how should that be tried? You do

not wish to fight with me, I hope? I have no inclination of that kind myself: I would far rather drink with you.'

"Nay, it can be tried without fighting. Dare you; will you catch that snake in your bare hands?'

"Despardieux! no! I will fight the Indians with you, as long and as often as you please, but I will not fight such an enemy as that.'

"Well, then, it shall never be said that I feared man or beast. If you will not catch him, I will.'

"Disregarding all remonstrance, the desperado laid himself down within a few feet of the reptile. He moved his hand towards him as slowly as the hand of a clock, while the snake raised his head, and looked him steadily in the eye, without offering to strike. When he had advanced his fingers within six inches of the serpent, he snatched it up by the neck, as quick as thought, and sprung upon his feet, holding it out at arm's length! The reptile, after a few revolutions of its tail, fixed it firmly round the man's neck, and began to contract his body. Though one of the strongest of men, he felt his arm bend, in spite of all the force of his muscles. Still his iron nerves remained firm. He grasped his right wrist with his left hand, and resisted with all his might; but the snake was too strong for him; when, at last, he saw its white fangs within six inches of his face, his courage gave way, and he cried to Le Duc to come with his knife. The snake was severed in two, and Pinchon cast the part he held from him. The animal had attained the full growth of its species, and had thirty-two rattles." p. 258-259.

Travels in Malta and Sicily, with Sketches of Gibraltar, in 1827. By Andrew Bigelow.

[Second Notice.]

In our extracts we shall avoid those subjects which, like Mount Etna, have been described till the description wears, and select some topics which are less hacknied, and will be more amusing to our readers.

The following account of the fortifications on (and in) the rock of Gibraltar, is very interesting:—

"The first object of peculiar interest which meets us is an old Moorish tower. It seems to stand as a war-worn sentinel, to the dark and fearful passages in the mountain-bosom, which stretch beyond. By whom the tower was erected is not ascertained. It probably is a monument of the first successful descent of the Moors, in 711. * * *

"Taking up the line of march, we enter a subterranean path leading under the wall of the garrison, and soon come to the first passage within the solid crust of the rock. It is a vaulted horizontal shaft, of one hundred and fifty feet in length. We emerge from it to enter another called Wyllis' Gallery. The length of this is something more than a hundred yards, and its breadth from three to five. It is dimly lighted through the embrasures for cannon; and what with this dubious sort of day and the nature of the objects displayed around,—heavy ordnance reposing on iron frames, piles of balls, bombs, and other terrible missiles, and doors communicating ever and anon with inner chambers filled with warlike stores,—the feelings excited by the survey are anything but cheerful.

"Mounting still higher, we come to a longer and more extraordinary excavation, called the Windsor Gallery. It extends very nearly a tenth of a mile; and, like the former, has been entirely blasted by powder. Enough of the rock on the outer side remains to serve as a parapet, or shield, impervious to ball, even could cannon be brought to bear against it. But its elevation places it above the reach of the longest

shot; so that those who serve its guns in times of siege, are perfectly secure from the reach of assailants. They have only to pour down upon the defenceless heads of invaders showers of grape and shells.

"Besides these passages, there are several other galleries lined with artillery, and wrought with extraordinary toil within the outer shell of the massive rock. Staircases occasionally occur, hewn with great regularity; also flues and perpendicular shafts for ventilation and other purposes. Of the magazines, there seems no end.

"There are two or three spacious and lofty apartments, which altogether in boldness of design, and beauty of finish, perhaps, surpass the other wonders of these interior constructions. The most remarkable of these is called Saint George's Hall. It is a stupendous excavation from the heart of a turreted crag, which juts naturally from the surface of the mountain. Externally, it has much the appearance of an artificial tower. Within, an apartment forty yards in circuit, and proportionably lofty, has been hewn with incredible labour. The rock forming the walls and flooring has been perfectly smoothed. But half a dozen yawning port-holes, and a circular funnel leading through the roof for the escape of smoke, sufficiently indicate that other purposes than those of mere beauty were consulted in this curious structure. Six cannon of tremendous calibre (sixty-four pounders) are stationed here, ready to discharge their thunders on any daring besieger by land or flood. They are so nicely poised as to be capable, with a little exertion, of being pointed in any direction.

"Some idea of the extent of the excavations may be formed from the fact, that they are sufficient to receive at once the entire garrison of Gibraltar; and the troops composing it are never less than five thousand. Not only in the galleries would the latter be completely covered from an enemy's fire, but also in passing along the few open paths edging the surface of the rock, and which communicate between one subterranean post and another. For these paths are all guarded by high parapets of solid masonry, so that even the movements of the soldiery along them, or the carriage of their munitions, could not be perceived by assailants at the foot of the rock." 44-5.

Aqueduct at La Valetta.

"We came in sight of the noble aqueduct which supplies La Valetta. The route lay along it for several miles, and I had an opportunity of surveying and admiring that most useful construction. I have omitted to observe that though the houses of the city and suburbs are all provided with private cisterns,—every drop of rain-water being carefully preserved by means of pipes, conducting from the terraced roofs to the proper reservoirs,—yet the supply of water was found by no means adequate to the wants of a large and increasing population. Much inconvenience, and at times actual suffering, was the consequence. To provide against such scarcity, Vignacourt, a grand master of great public spirit and munificence, commenced, in an early period of his administration, the aqueduct just alluded to, and finished it, entirely at his private cost, in 1616. By this conveyance an unfailing supply of salubrious water is brought from a central spot of the island called *Diar Chandal*, over a line of many thousand noble arches extending not less than thirteen miles, and terminating in a grand reservoir in palace-square. Conduits are thence made to take the fountain water into all the public and private tanks of the city. The work being partially decayed, the grand master Roahn undertook its repair about the year 1780; and the whole now displays perfect solidity. Such a costly structure shows the riches which must

have flowed into the private coffers of the Grand Masters of the order of St. John." p. 120.

Archimedes.

"The memory of Archimedes appears to be universally venerated at Syracuse. From the familiar but respectful mention made of him, he seems to have belonged to an age as recent as that of Franklin; and one is almost tempted in meeting with an aged Syracusan to ask if he did not remember seeing the philosopher in his youth. At any rate, the impression left by his name here is more vivid, apparently, than that associated by us with Franklin. The walls of the conversazioni room are covered with pictures of his mechanical exploits. One is very spirited, and represents his lifting, with his famous levers and grapples, the galleys of Marcellus from the water, and then sinking, or dashing them against the rocks. * * *

"The road winding up a gentle slope at length intersected another, called the Street of Sepulchres, from its leading in a narrow defile between hills faced on either side with ancient tombs. Near the entrance of this passage, and about one hundred yards from the spot traditionally remembered as the place of the Agragian Gate, stands the tomb of Archimedes. The locality agrees very well with the description given of it by Cicero. The ancients were in the habit of burying their dead without the walls of their cities; and the sepulchres of Syracuse came up to its very gates on this quarter. 'There is,' says the Roman orator, 'close by the Agragian port, a vast number of tombs. Examining them with care, I perceived a monument a little elevated above a thicket, whereon was inscribed the figure of a cylinder and sphere. Immediately I said to the Syracusan nobles who attended me, That this must be the tomb of which I was in search.'

"We alighted to take a nearer view of it. In front, is a narrow strip of cultivated, unfenced ground; and just at the entrance a few brambles and rank weeds were growing. The tomb is excavated from a native bed of rock, the face of which, naturally projecting, is shaped about the opening into a rude Doric front, with pilasters and a pediment. No traces of the inscription are visible, nor is this to be wondered at, for even in the time of Cicero, the characters were partially worn away. The entrance of the tomb is sufficiently high to allow a person of full stature to walk in without stooping. The interior is of moderate dimensions. It is truly 'the dark and narrow house.' In a recess on the right, large enough to receive a modern lead coffin, the remains of the philosopher are supposed to have been laid; but the sarcophagus, if any there were, has long since disappeared. On the opposite side are full-length receptacles for bodies; and fronting the entrance there are smaller depositories, cut like the others from the solid rock, and adapted for urns, or the coffins of children. The tomb appears to have been the family sepulchre of Archimedes; but the ashes of the human forms, which once filled its niches, have for ages been dispersed to the four winds.

"The hill, at the foot of which this tomb has been opened, is a vast ledge of rock slightly covered with shrubs and grass. Following the path at its base, I perceived a great many other tombs yawning from its sides, the 'magna frequentia sepulchrorum,' spoken of by Cicero."

The Fountain of Arethusa.

"This spring, celebrated from remote antiquity, has other pretensions to consideration than the attractions which it owes to the muse. It is a wonderful fountain in itself, gushing up with great copiousness near the sea, and forming a respectable rivulet from its very source. It rises in a grotto naturally arched with a firm roof of stone, so strong that the outer street of the city,

a sort of boulevard, is carried directly over it. The spot is not farther from the sea, in a straight line, than twelve or fourteen yards. The current pours over a rocky ledge into a circular pool, whence it issues by a winding course, tumbling and foaming as it goes, till reaching the seawall, when it leaps headlong into the briny deep. The waters at their source are exceedingly clear and fresh, but they are not permitted to retain their purity even to the end of their short and rapid course. Anciently, it was venerated with divine honours, and a company of nymphs was specially set apart to guard it. Now, it is daily profaned by another set of personages, the common laundresses of Syracuse, who make no scruple to wash their 'lots' of clothes in its waters. * * *

"It is a curious fact that another copious spring rises from the bottom of the harbour, at some distance from the shore, with so much force that the water retains its freshness almost to the very surface. The position is marked by little eddies and bubbles always distinguishable in calm weather; and even when the harbour is ruffled with winds, the water which is drawn up from a little beneath the surface, and just over the site of the spring, is found sufficiently pure for drinking.

"As the second fountain lies in the direction towards Greece, it has been seriously thought by many to justify the poetical conceit of the ancients, that the river Alpheus, after flowing through Elis in vain pursuit of the coy Arethusa, then disappearing under the sea and continuing his course for five hundred miles, rises in this place to join the fugitive nymph. For it is deemed equally heterodox to dispute the tradition, either that the submarine fountain is the Grecian Alpheus, or that the Syracusan Arethusa is the same with that of Elis. In support of these opinions it is alleged, that leaves and flowers, natives of Greece, have risen on the surface of the Sicilian spring; and that a golden cup, won at the Olympic games, and thrown into the Elian Arethusa, was afterwards brought up by this at Syracuse. Strabo devoted a page to a grave discussion of the philosophy and likelihood of the tale." 294-6.

The Earthquake of 1783 at Messina.

"The earthquake of 1783 was fraught with horrors which, even at this distant day, it is shuddering to contemplate. Memorials of its disasters are still visible in different parts of Messina. A portion of the beautiful Marina,—all of which was either shattered or destroyed,—retains the effects, only partially disguised, of that tremendous visitation. There was scarce a structure in the city which was exempt from some injury. The edifices which have since arisen are built more firmly, and generally not so lofty as before; and their beams are made to protrude through the walls to prevent any sudden dislodgement by the violent oscillation of the ground in future shocks. How far the precaution will avail, there has been no opportunity of determining hitherto by conclusive evidence. * * *

"The earthquake,—I should rather say, the series of earthquakes,—of 1783, gave no sign nor prelude of its approach. Stories are told of the domestic animals having had a premonition of the event; and it is affirmed that the howling of dogs in the streets of Messina was so violent that they were ordered to be killed. But it is difficult to comprehend by what sense they could have received an intimation of such an evil impending; and admitting the fact, it is certain that the citizens suspected nothing in the portent. The onset of the earthquake was sudden as the explosion of a mine,—nay, instantaneous as the lightning's flash. It commenced on the 5th of February, and exclusive of the shocks of that day, there were others particularly appalling on the 7th of the same month, and again on

the 28th of March, besides innumerable minor shocks.

"Dreadful as was the catastrophe to Messina, the city was only the first to encounter the brunt of a calamity which was destined to involve a whole province in ruin. The seat of the earthquake was transferred to the opposite shore, and its greatest energies appear to have been concentrated near the centre of Calabria. But the effects were felt far and wide. It rocked the whole breadth of the peninsula, and extended its ravages north and south over a space of ninety miles. Forty thousand inhabitants perished; and the number is almost incredible of the towns, villages, and separate edifices which were shattered, if not totally demolished. Of some not a vestige remained, for the ground opened and swallowed them up. History records no earthquake, which,—taking into view the vehemence and destructiveness of the shocks, the length of their duration, and the vast field of their operations,—may be deemed a full parallel with this. Others there have been,—mighty, desolating, terrific;—but the earthquake of 1783, in the entire combination of its horrors, stands unexampled." p. 450—2.

EMIGRATION.

Information published by His Majesty's Commissioners for Emigration, respecting the British Colonies in North America. Knight.

The Emigrant's Pocket Companion. By Robert Mudie. London, Cochrane & Co.

Hints on Emigration to Upper Canada. By Martin Doyle. Dublin, Curry.

An Address to Persons who desire to better themselves, by emigrating to Canada. London, Suter.

Account of New Brunswick, with Advice to Emigrants. By Thomas Baillie, Esq. London, Rivingtons.

Sketch of a Plan for the gradual Extinction of Panperism. By Rowland Hill. London, Simpkin & Marshall.

Letters from Poor Persons who have emigrated to Canada from the Parish of Frome, in the County of Somerset. London, Longman & Co.

ALL writers seem agreed that emigration on a large scale would be beneficial to Britain. Our island is at present too productive in three important things: our machinery produces more goods than we can find a market for—our authors produce more books than readers seem willing to purchase—and our ladies produce more sons and daughters than the country can maintain. For each of these sore evils remedies have been proposed, but nothing satisfactory has yet been settled. As our business is at present with the latter evil—the surplus population—we shall confine our inquiry to that alone; and that of itself has perplexed many clear considerate heads. When bees grow too numerous for their hive to hold, the youthful portion of the community swarm off to a new hive, either near or distant: in like manner that prudent people, the Scotch, pour their swarms of young men to the east, west and south: the Irish follow their example; while the English alone long resolved to adhere in beggary to the soil on which they were produced, and endure all evils rather than forsake their native fields. Education, however, has begun to open the eyes of the lower orders of England: they are making themselves acquainted with the manifold resources of other lands; and for the last two or three years workmen and labourers of all classes have, in vast numbers, emigrated to our possessions in the Canadas, or to New Holland.

In the present distressed condition of the people, it is the duty of the government to encourage emigration to our colonies: they must, however, take care not to encourage away the rich only and the able bodied. We shall see what they are doing by looking at the first work on our list.

When government published this little official tract, we laid out our twopence willingly upon it, and proceeded to read it with attention. "It seems desirable," says his Majesty's Commissioners for Emigration, "to define the nature of the assistance to be expected from government by persons proceeding to these colonies." As this was the very information we wanted, we read on, and were not a little surprised to find the "assistance" set forth in the following manner: "No pecuniary aid will be allowed by government to emigrants to the North American colonies; nor after their arrival will they receive grants of land or gifts of tools, or a supply of provisions. Hopes of all these things have been sometimes held out to emigrants, by speculators in this country desirous of making a profit by their conveyance to North America, and willing for that purpose to delude them with unfounded expectations." Now, any one who reads these words would, in the first place, imagine that government, when they talked of assistance, really desired to do something; and, in the next place, that they had determined to do nothing. This, however, is not the case: "Although government," observes these benevolent Commissioners, "will not make any gifts at the public expense to emigrants to North America, agents will be maintained at the principal colonial ports, whose duty it will be, without fee or reward, to protect emigrants—to acquaint them with the demand for labour in different districts—to point out the most advantageous routes, and furnish them generally with useful advice." Such are the regulations laid down by our government: a line of colonial finger-posts is established to intimate to the bewildered emigrant, that there is fine fishing on Lake Ontario; prime wild turkies in the wilderness of Erie; capital fresh air on the Huron, and wood and water everywhere. The blundering blindness of all this is quite visible. Our country is not suffering from the presence of the rich, and yet, who but a comparatively opulent person is able, without assistance, to emigrate? The land groans under the pressure of a mendicant population, yet it is quite evident, from what we have quoted, that the government has no intention to relieve us from this crushing load. They tell the poor and the needy, the man half clad, half fed, and nigh half distracted, that the sea is open to convey him upon to the Canadas, and that Messrs. Smith, Payne & Smith, will receive from him a deposit of 20*l.*, not less, and give him a cheque for the same on the Bank at Montreal. Why, how, in the name of heaven, can they suppose, that a fellow creature, whose wages for the last two years have not averaged eight shillings a week, has gathered such a sum together, or that a person who could save so much in Old England, would leave it in quest of better fortune? We should almost imagine from this, that the government is about to adopt the sarcastic advice of some of their ill-wishers, and encourage the rich and the fortunate to emigrate, and leave the mother country as a portion to the poor and the destitute.

The 'Emigrant's Guide,' by Mr. Mudie, is evidently the work of one whose personal experience in emigration, has gone no farther than a march from the mountains of the north to the valleys of the south: he sees through the eyes, and speaks from the statements of others; yet his book, though a little too diffuse, contains much valuable information, arranged so as to be accessible to all. He collects facts with care, and discusses all matters connected with removal from England, and the final settlement in North America, with candour and sagacity. His description of a good settler—one who will readily strike root in the land and prosper—is a most correct one:—

"From this it immediately follows that no man is fit for being an independent emigrant, or even existing at all in a new country, who is not both able and willing to work. He must have health, he must have strength, he must have perseverance, and he must have more consideration than is necessary in an old country, where labour is divided, and every man has his little department marked out for him by the general arrangements of society. He must not only be able to turn his hand to many things, nay, almost to everything that he may require, but he must feel that he is in possession of that power, otherwise he will be in a state of perpetual apprehension, and quite unable to get on. Of course this necessity excludes from the list of emigrants all persons who could not, if they had the proper opportunity, support themselves, and also make some little savings in the old country. The maimed, the mutilated, or the silly, ought not to go there, for as there is no person to give them charity, their only fate would be starvation. The idle and the dissolute, even supposing they possess in a high degree those abilities which they neglect, are, in their present condition, very unfit subjects for emigration; and as those are habits which are reclaimed more by the restraints of society than by any other means, it is doubtful whether they would be benefited by the change, how much soever the mother country might be the better for their absence." 40-1.

Martin Doyle has written his 'Hints on Emigration,' with good sense, good feeling, and with no little knowledge of the subject; and all who desire to emigrate cannot do better than put his little tract in their pockets. As the great question is, who are the persons that should be encouraged to go abroad?—we cannot do better than quote this writer's opinion—he coincides with Mudie:—

"To those who are favoured with steady employment at home, who possess allotments of land, however small, which furnish them with comfortable subsistence, I say, 'Be contented—make no experiments—remain where you are—and trust that a kind Providence will bring order and peace out of the present confusion and discord which distract these realms.'

"But to those differently circumstanced, emigration is most desirable, and perhaps no country in the world is more critically suited than North America to the Irish and Scotch poor in particular; the very place of all others where those who have not a shilling in their pockets and who are accustomed to vicissitudes of climate and hard work, can live best; where all those who have been bred to farm and handicraft work, if industrious, healthy, and sober, have a moral certainty of succeeding. All such persons after two years find themselves in a thriving condition, and are anxious to have their old country friends with them; but mere adventurers—broken down tradesmen, and scheming shopkeepers, may just as well stay and starve quietly at home—such persons would not live anywhere.

"Nor is North America suited to ladies and

gentlemen of very small means, who are unused to do anything for themselves; such persons are in general too tenderly reared, too delicately brought up, to dispense with the services of domestics, whom they could not afford to pay in a country where a good pair of hands is worth much, and who are unable or unwilling to bear the privations of the first two or three years of settlement in the woods; though instances are not wanted of respectable families, with incomes varying from 50*l.* to 200*l.* a year, living most happily and prosperously, and enjoying good society there; but these persons are generally the families of naval or military gentlemen accustomed to rough it, habituated to discipline and self control, and possessed of adequate zeal and energy." p. 10-11.

The 'Address to Persons who wish to better themselves by going to Canada,' is another of those sensible and intelligent tracts which this great question has called forth; we are, indeed, glad that men who have seen with their own eyes, and who are alike inaccessible to interest or passion, have the benevolence to throw up a few signal lights to guide our swarms of ignorant emigrants from being wrecked and ruined. The government arrangement is, that every individual must have 20*l.* in his pocket; but, it is well known, that 10*l.* will take a man, and 5*l.* a child, safely to Canada; and if work is so abundant as our Commissioners for Emigration allege, why a settler will get employed as soon as he arrives, and money will come pouring in. Of those who should, and those who should not go to Canada, the writer of this little production thus speaks:—

"First, we shall candidly pronounce who ought not to go there, in order that all such persons may save themselves from certain disappointment, after they shall have undergone all the fatigue and expense of a long voyage: viz.

"Those who are happily situated at home, maintaining their families comfortably, and who are able to lay by sufficient for their support in old age, and for the eligible establishment of their children.

"Those who have nothing but birth or wealth to recommend them, or who have no useful occupation. In Canada as in England, it is the active working bee, and not the drone, that gathers the honey to the hive.

"Those who are of a restless, factious, and quarrelsome turn of mind, or those who think that in Canada every one, however wrong-headed, can do whatever is right in his own eyes, without regard to either law, justice, or decorum. Canada is a land of liberty, but it also has its laws, to which all persons without distinction must submit.

"Those who expect to make a fortune suddenly, without much exertion—those who are indolent, or of dissolute habits—ardent spirits being excessively cheap, all those who cannot refrain from a too free use of them, are certain to bring on rapidly, premature disease, disgrace, and death.

"Those who are not seriously disposed to industry and economy had better stay away.

"Those who will be discouraged by the difficulties which very rarely fail to attend a change of country, or who are of too weakly constitution to endure labour and fatigue." p. 1-2.

Mr. Baillie's 'Account of New Brunswick, and Advice to Emigrants,' abounds with accurate information and wholesome counsel: he filled an important situation in that province for eight years; traversed it from north to south, and from east to west; made himself familiar with its resources, capabilities, and wants; and the result of all his observa-

tions is, that an increase of population alone is wanted, to render it one of the most prosperous districts in British America. He, however, thinks, that each family should carry out with them one or two hundred pounds, the application of which would in a few years render them comfortable and independent freeholders; persons with less capital, he thinks, would also do well, but then success would not be so certain.

'The Sketch of a Plan for the gradual Extinction of Pauperism, and the Prevention of Crime,' is the work of Rowland Hill, and must be regarded, we fear, as one of those benevolent dreams which visit the waking thoughts of the gentle and the humane. We agree with him, that the enclosure of commons is a great act of injustice, and also, that much land lies waste and uncultivated over the surface of Britain. But the author seems to have closed his eyes to the fact, that land naturally sterile, (and no other, we aver, is at present uncultivated,) would not only require vast labour and outlay to render it productive, but would demand periodical supplies of rich manure, to keep it up to the remunerating point in the scale of productiveness. This could not, we are afraid, be accomplished without high market-prices. In the West India Islands, when the price of sugar was high, the sugar-canes were planted on poor soils; reduction of price has limited them to rich lands: in like manner, much of the land in the north, which is now laid out in pasture, carried corn in former days; but, as it required more dung and lime than better soils, nature was allowed to regain her original sway. We shall allow Mr. Hill to describe his plan:—

"It is proposed to establish in this country, Colonies similar to those in Holland and Belgium. The Dutch and Belgian Colonies, all of which have been established within the last twelve years, contain about ten thousand individuals, once paupers, but now living in comparative comfort. These people were placed on waste soils, which they have brought into a state of considerable fertility. They are occupied chiefly in cultivating the land, but partly in manufactures; they supply nearly all their own wants and have a considerable surplus for sale. The capital advanced for their complete establishment was on an average about 21*l.* per individual; and the colonists have hitherto paid annually an interest of 5½ per cent. on this capital, with such an addition as will gradually extinguish the whole debt; besides this, many paupers have saved sufficient capital of their own to be able to leave the colony, and establish themselves in independence and comfort. It is conceived that the establishment of similar colonies in the British isles would be productive of similar advantages; and that if a successful experiment were once made, parishes would voluntarily form such institutions. The expense of an experiment it is proposed should be defrayed by government." p. 15-16.

'Letters from Upper Canada,' consists of the communications of a number of labouring men sent out as a speculation, to relieve the parish of Frome, in Somersetshire, in the matter of rates. These letters are all written without dictation or prompting, and express the feelings of men and women desirous of doing well, and who are certainly satisfied, nay, pleased with their situation. We can make room for no extracts, and we regret this the less, as most of the letters have already been made public. We ought to say,

that out of about eighty emigrants, one only has returned, to cry out the water is naught and the ground barren—but there is, as the shepherds phrase it, one black sheep in every flock. We are much pleased with this little characteristic homespun publication—it is worth ten thousand finely-imagined theories and well-penned speculations upon human happiness.

An Account of the Life, Lectures, and Writings, of William Cullen, M.D., Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh. By John Thomson, M.D. F.R.S.L. & E. Professor of Medicine and General Pathology in the University of Edinburgh. 2 vols. Vol. I. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THERE is something painful in contemplating the memoirs of those mighty spirits, who for some time past arose in very regular succession in Edinburgh, and stamped upon that end of the island a scientific character, for which there was scarcely any parallel at the same period. Scotland, indeed, was late in feeling those genial rays, which civil and religious liberty made to shine upon most of the lands in which the Reformation had taken effect. But, though the dawn in that part of the country was late, it was lambent: would that its duration had corresponded to its brightness!—but there is a mutability in masses as well as in individuals; and the scientific labours of Edinburgh are now in a great measure turned to writing the biographies of those who, one regrets to say, have passed away, without leaving any corresponding successors.

Into the cause of this change (and it is a change not confined to Edinburgh alone), it would be foreign to the purpose to inquire. It may be, that the general advance of society in knowledge has shorn the stars of science of those beams which once commanded so much attention and so much respect; or, it may be, that, in consequence of the increased intercourse with London, and the comparative proximity into which provincial places have been brought with London by the new modes of conveyance, the metropolis has been enabled to attract the stars from the more distant parts of the British horizon.

Of that, however, only by the way, though it may be worth reverting to at some future period: our present purpose is with Dr. Cullen, or rather with Dr. Thomson, his biographer. Of the latter, we would shortly say, that his book would have been more to our taste if it had been much smaller. Thick books are like thick fogs; they may sometimes magnify the objects seen through them; but they always darken, and in many cases distort. There is no doubt that the letters of Cullen and his illustrious contemporaries, which are interspersed throughout Dr. Thomson's volume, or are attached to it in the form of an appendix of about one hundred and fifty pages, are valuable; and they disclose many interesting traits of those eminent persons far better than any general sketch that the biographer could have given. But Dr. Thomson must excuse us if we say, that the whole volume is raw and unconnected, and, large as it is, there is nothing in it which brings anything like the character of Dr. Cullen before the reader. He must therefore excuse us, if we remove his pages out of the

way for a little, till we have sketched down who and what Cullen was; and then it is probable that his biographer may appear more graciously both to our eyes and to those of our readers.

In some of the minor points relative to places and dates, we are half inclined to think that the biographer is sometimes in error; but those are comparative trifles. It is the genius of Cullen, and not the gossip respecting him, which is the lawful portion of posterity.

William Cullen was born at Hamilton, on the 15th April, 1710. His father was resident law agent to the Duke of Hamilton, one of the magistrates of the borough, and had a small estate in the neighbourhood. Cullen was his second son. His first education was at Hamilton; thence he was removed to Glasgow, and bound apprentice to Mr. Paisley, surgeon, with a view to his attending the Glasgow University during its terms. He left Glasgow in 1729, and repaired to London, whence he went to the West Indies as surgeon of a ship; but it appears that one voyage satisfied him; for, when he returned, he was some time in the house of an apothecary in Henrietta Street. While residing there, he is understood to have acquired that taste for chemistry, which may be said to have laid the foundation of his future fame. Quitting London, in 1732 he resided with Capt. Cleland, in the parish of Shotts. About that time Cullen's chemical knowledge recommended him to the Duke of Argyle, the most influential nobleman in Scotland, and a promoter of science.

Soon after, Hunter, (the eminent collector of the Hunterian Museum,) who was about eight years younger than Cullen, went to reside with him as pupil, at Hamilton, in which place Cullen had settled as a practitioner. From 1734 to 1736 Cullen attended the medical classes in Edinburgh, which were, at that time, very ably conducted by Dr. Monro, the elder, and others. Having completed his studies at Edinburgh, he entered into partnership with Hunter,—Hunter to take the surgical department, which Cullen disliked. This partnership lasted during the time that Hunter attended the classes in Edinburgh; and about the year 1741 Hunter removed to London, and Dr. Cullen, who had the year before taken out his degree at Glasgow, remained at Hamilton, and entered into arrangements with a new partner.

It does not appear, that up to this period of his history, there was any particular promise of future eminence in Cullen. In everything he was above mediocrity; but still he deserved more the character of a thriving man, than of a brilliant one. His father's connexion with the Duke of Hamilton, and his own introduction to the Duke of Argyle, were, in those days, quite sufficient to bring him into notice; and that he was fully as attentive to worldly connexion as to scientific inquiry, is proved by the fact of his holding the office of baillie of the small borough of Hamilton, an insignificant office, absolutely under the control of his patron the Duke. Cullen was, in fact, a sort of physician to the family until 1743, when the Duke died. Cullen had by that time removed to Glasgow, and, in 1746 and 1747, he began to lecture on the Practice of Medicine, with a view to establishing a medical

school in Glasgow, somewhat similar to that which had been so successfully established in Edinburgh. About the same time, Cullen collected apparatus, delivered chemical lectures, and studied German, in order to qualify himself for reading the chemical works in that language. In 1748 he lectured on Botany and the Materia Medica, and he continued these lectures for several years.

Distracted by such a multiplicity of pursuits, occupied professionally besides, and having an extensive acquaintance, with all of whom he lived on the most sociable terms, it is scarcely possible that he could have shone conspicuous in any particular department. But Cullen owed to the steadiness of his purpose, and the delightful equanimity of his temper, far more than he could have been indebted to the most splendid talents, directed to any single branch. At work on all the great subjects which bear upon the theory of the healing art, he was slowly but certainly extending his grasp to all the roots and ramifications of the existing system, in such a way as furnished very clear evidence that he would one day overturn it.

It must be admitted, that, though the genius of Cullen was destined merely to pass over the subject of chemistry, in its way to other and more congenial studies, yet, it passed over like the life-giving and awakening spirit. Black was one of Cullen's students at Glasgow; and, whatever may be said of others, it must be admitted by all candid judges, that Black was the legitimate father of pneumatic chemistry. There is no question, that it was the lectures of Cullen, which gave the first impulse to the genius of Black; and there is just as little question, that, but for the attraction which Black had thrown around chemical science, the arts would in all probability have been without the mighty contrivances of Watt, by which the effective power of Britain has been more than quadrupled, and man has been enabled, almost literally, "to ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm."—The laborious discoverers of obscure earths, or insignificant acids, should beware how they assail the monuments of the mighty masters of chemical science.

Black, who had been very intimate with Cullen, and very frankly acknowledges obligations to him, removed to Edinburgh in 1752, but he still kept up a frequent and friendly intercourse with his preceptor, as did Cullen's other eminent pupil, Dr. Hunter.

In 1751 Cullen had, through the interest of the Duke of Argyle, been appointed to the Chair of Medicine in Glasgow; and about the same time Adam Smith became Professor of Logic there. Black followed Cullen for some time in the chemical department; and, Smith being promoted to the Moral Philosophy Chair, Dr. Read succeeded him in that of Logic. Thus Glasgow contained, for a time at least, a constellation of talents of the very highest class.

About this time Cullen wrote many tracts on the application of chemistry to the arts; and he became so generally known, that, in 1755, he was appointed joint Professor of Chemistry at Edinburgh. Cullen's admission there was opposed for some time; but his talents ultimately triumphed; and, under his exertions, the chemical class, which had previously been little else than nominal, became

one of the most popular and most numerously attended in the University.

In 1757, Cullen, who had previously been deeply engaged in investigating the existing medical theories, stated opinions which produced a strong degree of excitement against him; but, instead of turning polemic, as most men would have done under the same circumstances, he pursued his purpose steadily, and ultimately triumphed.

It would be improper, in this sketch, to enter upon any of those medical theories, which pass one by one into oblivion, with the fame or the fashion of their authors; but we may just mention, that he sought to overturn the mathematical theory of the celebrated Boerhaave, and to substitute in its place a modification of that of Hoffman. In 1766 Cullen was appointed to the Chair of the Theory of Medicine, in addition to the Chemical Chair, to which he had been appointed ten years previously. On that occasion he resigned the Chemical Professorship in favour of Black, and for some time subsequently he lectured on the Theory of Medicine, and Dr. John Gregory on the Practice. About 1670, the two Professors joined for the purpose of giving lectures on both in the alternate sessions; but the death of Gregory, in the prime of life, put an end to that arrangement, and Cullen continued to lecture on both branches until within a few months of his death, which took place at Edinburgh, on the 10th of February, 1790.

Such is a very short outline of the career of Cullen, a man highly popular not only in the immediate place of his residence, but even on the continent. His lectures, which, though profound in principle, were popular in expression, were usually delivered extempore from very short notes; and he was remarkable for the clearness of his illustrations. When he lectured on chemistry, his experiments were judiciously chosen, and neatly performed. He was particularly beloved by his students; and, besides being their preceptor, he acted as their friend, their father, and their physician,—in these cases without fee. Professionally, and in the business of his life, he was remarkably regular, but without any stiffness or formality; and even when far advanced in life, and engaged in profound inquiries, he enjoyed his whist party, or other innocent amusement of the evening, with all the glee of a man who lives only for the enjoyment of society. His success in the world corresponded with his talents for succeeding; and one of his sons was promoted to the bench as one of the Scottish Judges. Having said thus much of the man, we shall leave the question of his writings, and of the changes which he produced in the medical world, until the appearance of Dr. Thomson's second volume; and we shall venture to make one or two remarks on this volume, regretting that they must be more in the spirit of objection than in that of commendation.

That Dr. Thomson is in possession of a vast mass of materials, is true; and there is little doubt that, in some hands, these might have afforded the means of bringing out a very graphic whole-length of Cullen; and showing how much the different parts of science, with which he was connected, were promoted by the efforts of his long and laborious life. Dr. Thomson's book is, however, so much interrupted by quotation, and the

genera-
gested
that it
drastic
its pri-
service
kind, I
but no
and ar-
what v
at pres
trines
he sou
amiss
too m
ferent
learnin
centrat
Thus,
perpet
will af
fear th
the fac
lyze it
which
some o
said be
As I
perhap
could
the day
to the
rectify
that C
and no
howeve
deed, I
speak
ments,
would

W
Redga
Cade
The ill
Hill an
though
There
as they
tent to
"At
the nar
sconded
and, af
put a b
died in
own ex
made h
detected
whom h
ing bee
leaves
male E
the pub
Co
"I a
cealmer
of Mr.
commo
neighb
laws, th
to a mu
and ex
quents,
recoll
an orga
and oth
conduct
describ
Richar

general tenor of it is so frequently congested by an accumulation of crude matters, that it would be desirable to exhibit some drastic aperient, for the purpose of clearing its *primæ viæ*, before it can be of wholesome service to the public. In a work of this kind, mere style is a minor consideration; but nothing can atone for want of clearness and arrangement. It would be anticipating what we purpose to say afterwards, were we at present to bring forward either the doctrines which Cullen opposed, or those which he sought to establish: but it may not be amiss to mention, that there seems to be far too much display of knowledge in the different theories of medicine; and that all the learning which is introduced, is not so concentrated as to bring out the points at issue. Thus, while the narrative is in a state of perpetually suspended animation, so that it will afford little interest to the reader, we fear that the more actively employed part of the faculty themselves, will not stop to analyze it into the multitude of ingredients of which it is made up. We have our doubts of some of the facts too, although, as we have said before, they are facts of a minor class.

As Dr. Thomson got the family papers, it perhaps would not be fair to hint that he could be in error in anything so simple as the day of Cullen's birth—which a reference to the register at Hamilton would at once rectify; but we had previously supposed, that Cullen was born on the 11th December, and not the 15th April. Dr. Thomson may, however, be correct in that particular. Indeed, as his work is only a fragment, or, to speak more correctly, a conglomerate of fragments, to subject it to very severe criticism, would be hardly fair.

WAVERLEY NOVELS, Vol. XXXVI.

Redgauntlet. Vol. II. 1832. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker & Co.

The illustrations to this volume, are by D. O. Hill and W. Kidd. The vignette, by the latter, though a little extravagant, is laughable enough. There are but few notes: one or two, however, as they are very brief, our readers may be content to have extracted:—

"At the supposed date of the novel, a man of the name of Merrilees, a tanner in Leith, absconded from his country to escape his creditors; and, after having slain his own mastiff dog, and put a bit of red cloth in its mouth, as if it had died in a contest with soldiers, and involved his own existence in as much mystery as possible, made his escape into Yorkshire. Here he was detected by persons sent in search of him, to whom he gave a portentous account of his having been carried off and concealed in various places. Mr. Merrilees was, in short, a kind of male Elizabeth Canning, but did not trespass on the public credulity quite so long."

Concealments for Theft and Smuggling.

"I am sorry to say, that the modes of concealment described in the imaginary premises of Mr. Trumbull, are of a kind which have been common on the frontiers of late years. The neighbourhood of two nations having different laws, though united in government, still leads to a multitude of transgressions on the Border, and extreme difficulty in apprehending delinquents. About twenty years since, as far as my recollection serves, there was along the frontier an organized gang of coiners, forgers, smugglers, and other malefactors, whose operations were conducted on a scale not inferior to what is here described. The chief of the party was one Richard Mendham, a carpenter, who rose to

opulence, although ignorant even of the arts of reading and writing. But he had found a short road to wealth, and had taken singular measures for conducting his operations. Amongst these, he found means to build, in a suburb of Berwick called Spittal, a street of small houses, as if for the investment of property. He himself inhabited one of these; another, a species of public-house, was open to his confederates, who held secret and unsuspected communication with him; crossing the roofs of the intervening houses, and descending by a trap-stair, which admitted them into the alcove of the dining-room of Dick Mendham's private mansion. A vault, too, beneath Mendham's stable, was accessible in the manner mentioned in the novel. The post of one of the stalls turned round on a bolt being withdrawn, and gave admittance to a subterranean place of concealment for contraband and stolen goods, to a great extent. Richard Mendham, the head of this very formidable conspiracy, which involved malefactors of every kind, was tried and executed at Jedburgh, where the author was present as Sheriff of Selkirkshire. Mendham had previously been tried, but escaped by want of proof and the ingenuity of his counsel."

Tales and Novels by Maria Edgeworth—Vol. I. 'Castle Rackrent,' and 'Irish Bulls.' London, 1832. Baldwin & Cradock.

ONE of the most beautiful volumes we have seen—perhaps, of the cheap reprints, the most beautiful, excepting only, and that with hesitation, Murray's Byron. Paper, print, binding, all of the best quality, and in the finest taste, and the work illustrated by W. Harvey, who, as a book illustrator, hardly needs our good word. The work is to be completed in eighteen monthly volumes, and a very complete work it will be—cheap enough for the deal shelves of the mechanic, and handsome enough for the boudoir of a lady. We may, perhaps, hereafter, say a word or two on the general merits of Miss Edgeworth's writings.

The Little Girl's Own Book. By Mrs. Child. London, 1832. Tegg.

Who after this will say, that trade criticism and independent criticism are the same in their result? We first noticed, and with deserved commendation, this clever little book, a copy having been kindly sent to us by a friend in America: the first consequence was an order by Mr. Nesbit, the American bookseller here, for a supply to be sent to him. We announced their arrival, and the continued demand has led to this reprint by one of the shrewdest publishers in London. It is sure of success, and deserves it.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

NIGHT.

From the German.

BY T. ROSCOE.

THE world is hushed, and leaves my soul
Waking, watching thro' the night—
The deep midnight!—I hear the toll
Of earthless bells;—and lips of might
Not mortal, seem the dirge to pour—
"Weep, spirits, weep—thy race is o'er;—
"No more for thee, yon radiant heaven,
The silver moon and beauteous star;
No more earth's sweetest hopes are given,
The world's delights—its peace or war.
Hark! nature joins thy funeral wail—
And hope, and love, and beauty fail!"

Spirit of Peace! if such there be—
And such in Eden's bowers was found—
Come fling thy mantle over me,
And bind my heart's unstaunched wound:
I hear thy call—away—away—
Receive me to thy realms of day.

HONOURS PAID TO GOETHE'S REMAINS.

Weimar, 31st March.

THE Grand Duke appointed Monday last for the celebration of Goethe's funeral obsequies. His corpse was laid out on a couch, overlaid with black velvet, in a spacious apartment, lined with sable trappings, and resplendent with wax lights. Here it remained exposed to the sorrowing inspection of the public at large, during the entire forenoon of that day. The body itself lay on its couch in the centre of the apartment, resting upon pillows of white satin; a wreath of fresh laurel encircled the head; and a Roman toga, likewise of satin, was tastefully disposed round the corpse. On its right was a column, from which a crown of laurel, worked in pure gold, relieved with emeralds, (a tribute from Frankfort, his native town, on the occasion of his academical jubilee,) hung suspended. Behind his head rose another column, to which was attached a lyre and a basket—the latter inclosing rolls of parchment, symbolical of the writer's literary labours; and a third column was placed on the left of the body, against which his several diplomas were displayed. At the feet were three other columns, to which the insignia of the numerous orders which princely favour and esteem had conferred upon the illustrious departed, were suspended. Large cyphers were disposed on either side behind the couch of state; and on each side it stood twenty candelabras of silver: guards of honour of all ranks and classes keeping watch beside them. Three splendid stars, in allusion to Goethe's transition to a heavenly state, hung over his remains. Multitudes came from far and near to bid them a last farewell. The coffin was removed at five o'clock in the afternoon, in order that it might be borne to the destination assigned to it by the late Grand Duke, his enlightened and munificent patron,—namely, by the side of Schiller, in the sepulchre of the grand-ducal family. It was for this reason that the whole ceremony was ordered on a scale of commensurate splendour. Upon its removal, the corpse was placed in the grand-ducal hearse of state, which was drawn by four horses, and surrounded by the members of the cabinet and household, and those of our learned and scientific bodies, part of the clergy and their assistants, military men, and, in short, almost every respectable inhabitant of Weimar following on foot behind. Amongst this throng of mourners, the students of Jena, with roses attached to their sable scarfs, were not the least conspicuous. The train was closed by a line composed of the grand-ducal carriages, in one of which sat Baron de Spiegel, as the representative of the reigning prince. The chief portion of the clergy, in conjunction with a numerous choir, were stationed in the sepulchre. A beautiful hymn greeted the entrance of the funeral procession; to this succeeded a discourse, in which the preacher dwelt upon the heavy account which is required at the hands of those on whom nature has shed her richest gifts; and this was followed by one of Goethe's pieces,† the music to which was composed by his oldest surviving friend, Zeller, director of the orchestra at Berlin, and performed under the superintendence of the celebrated Hummel. The coffin was then delivered into the custody of the Lord Marshal; immediately after which the chapel was cleared, and the ceremonies terminated. The coffin is of oak, lined with lead, and the external inscription is simply the following:—

† Rest thee soft in heavenly slumbers,
Near thy friend and prince reclined;
For thy day was nobly spent
In nurturing thine age's mind.
'Till space and time have passed away,
Thy name shall live in mortal breast.
Then rest thee on thy tranquil couch—
By earth adored, in heaven thrice blest!

"GOETHE.

Born the 28th August, 1749;
Died the 22nd March, 1832."

It is a remarkable circumstance, that the carpet, on which the coffin was laid within the chapel, was an heir-loom in Goethe's family; that his parents stood upon it at the celebration of their marriage; and that, in the instance of the poet himself, it covered the floor, on which the several ceremonies of his birth, marriages, and sepulture were performed.

THE PENNY MAGAZINE.

THE Papers state that it is intended by this soporific "to allay the irritability of the public mind occasioned by the poisonous trash of cheap literature"—now this wholesale condemnation of the cheap literature is exceedingly unjust. That there are publications offensive to good feeling and good morals, we readily admit, and the sober dulness of the *Penny Magazine* is not likely to put an end to them; but the majority of any established sale, are decidedly creditable. In the *Mirror*, the *Casket*, the *Mechanics' Magazine*, the *Olio*, the *Omnibus*, the *Entertaining Press*, *Chalmers's Edinburgh Journal*, and numberless others, we never read one objectionable word: and in the success of all these, with which alone the *Penny Magazine* can run its course of rivalry, much money, much time, and many anxious hopes and interests have been embarked; and is it becoming in a Society like that for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge to put itself and its resources, its name and influence, in opposition to them? Are they all, "at one fell swoop," to be put an end to, for the purpose of establishing a huge monopoly for the sole benefit of certain parties whom the Society may be pleased to patronize?—If this was the aim and great purpose of the Society, then we have subscribed our guinea in most lamentable ignorance.

The truth we suspect to be, that many honourable men have lent their names, and many simple ones subscribed their money, without inquiring very "curiously" into the management of this Society. Stimulated by circumstances which have lately come to our knowledge, we hunted out a little buff-coated "REPORT" which we remembered to have received some months since, hoping to get an insight through its explanatory pages into this mystery:—but all we found therein was a flourishing List of the Committee, with a List of the Local Committees—List of Honorary Life Members—London Life Subscribers—Country Life Subscribers—Town Annual Subscribers—Country Annual Subscribers—An Address—and—"a very halfpenny worth of bread" to this sea of sack—a balance sheet of some twenty lines! If, indeed, anything can fairly be inferred from the Statement, it is, that the whole expenses of the Society are defrayed by subscription—and that the Society itself is maintained for the sole benefit of certain interested parties, who POCKET THE ENTIRE PROFITS OF THE PUBLICATIONS! We trust, therefore, that at the next general meeting some one of the subscribers will institute an inquiry—will require a clear intelligible statement of the profit and loss on the works already published—a list of the writers, with the sums paid, and other particulars which it may be interesting to the public to be informed of, especially as the Report calls for more money, and complains of its exertions being crippled for want of resources. But, to confine our present inquiry within the narrowest possible limits, we request to know WHETHER THE PENNY MAGAZINE BE NOT THE PRIVATE SPECULATION OF MR. CHARLES KNIGHT, OF PAUL MALL EAST, AND WHETHER THE SOCIETY HAVE ANY, THE REMOTEST, INTEREST IN ITS SUCCESS?—We beg to be distinctly understood as not meaning directly or indirectly to

say or insinuate anything against Mr. Knight's conduct: we have always heard him spoken of as a highly honourable and most liberal man; and it is not questioning the acknowledged justness of this character, to presume that he knows his own interest.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE decrease of the great eastern pestilence has, we are happy to say, caused the abatement of a literary pestilence which accompanied it: we mean, that thick shower of tracts and pamphlets on cholera, which, without suggesting the least remedy, served only to scatter general dismay and terror. We may almost use the like words when speaking of those innumerable papers and books which have arisen like mushrooms from the great hot-bed of political agitation. This literary shower passes over the heads of mankind like an ill-directed flight of arrows: for all that men have written and argued—and God knows they have done much of both—we would not have them imagine that the country at large fully understands either the extent or importance of the subject. We see all manner of idle expectations held out in speeches, and all manner of idle fears held out in pamphlets: our two leading Reviews are filled with disquisitions and denunciations: our monthly Magazines overflow with the same sort of bitter matter; and our Newspapers describe the contemplated measure as either dark as perdition, or as bright as Paradise; and a plain man, who seeks information and desires to be enlightened, will be able to find it nowhere—whithersoever he turns to drink, he will cry, "Rot ye, rogues, there is lime in this sack too!" We know—and that is nigh the extent of our knowledge—that literature is enduring a most sorrowful depression, which we would be glad to see removed.

This is rather the stirring season of Art. Most works of interest, however, are for the present locked up in the Royal Academy, awaiting the arranging hands of the Hanging Committee. Two statues of James Watt, one in bronze, and of colossal dimensions, the other in marble, and of the size of life, and both from the hand of Chantrey, are on their way to Glasgow. The former will stand on a granite pedestal in one of the public squares: the latter is destined for the College Library, and is a present from the only son of the illustrious inventor of the steam-engine to the Professors, as a mark of esteem for encouragement munificently rendered to his father. A third statue of Watt, in marble, and of colossal magnitude, from the chisel of Chantrey, is now erecting, we see, in Westminster Abbey.

Report speaks in the highest terms of hope of the forthcoming Water Colour Exhibition. We have no doubt the establishment of the new Society—it is too young to be called a rival—has stimulated the Associates to extraordinary exertion. Mr. Copley Fielding, we hear, will have several; one, a 'Sunset at Conway,' most beautiful. The fertile pencil of Robson has been more than usually successful; particularly in 'Loch Achray,' one of the scenes in Sir Walter Scott's poems. Mr. Harding's drawing for Mr. Parratt, is described to us as most brilliant; the Catholic procession and the numerous figures in this large drawing as admirable. Mr. Dewint

will also have several: two large drawings, a 'Gipsy Camp,' and a 'View of Norwich,' in the usual accurate representation of nature for which this artist is so justly celebrated. Mr. Barrett, among other pictures, has a large classical drawing. Mr. Cattermole will, we fear, have but few works, unless, from the rapidity of his execution, the late sunny days may have stimulated him to exertion; there will, however, be an interior of Haddon, and two or three smaller subjects. Mr. Austen has been industrious, and we have heard of 'Gipsy and Child' well spoken of—so of Mr. T aylor's 'Breakfast Scene' from the Spectator. Mr. Wild's last effort will be there, and such a drawing as must add deeply to public regret, when they hear that, in all probability, it will indeed be the last; it is one of the most elaborate architectural drawings we ever witnessed. Mr. Chisholm sends five drawings, and, if our informant be correct, the reputation they will confer upon him, will make some amends for the indifferent treatment he has received from amateurs and dealers: 'Shakespeare before Justice Lewy,' and 'King James and Heriot' will, our friend believes, be universally admired. We hear, too, an excellent report of Mr. Cox's contributions.

Denning's extraordinary copy of Wilkie's 'Chelsea Pensioners,' from which the engraving was made, is, we hear, about to be raffled for; and every subscriber is to have an impression of Mr. Burnet's engraving.

Mr. Mason requests us to contradict a report, referred to in our last paper, that M. Meyerbeer had "expressed himself disappointed at the proportion of instruments in the orchestra," because such report is "calculated to do the composer most serious injury in the eyes of those gentlemen upon whom mainly depends the success of his work;" and could not be true, as he did not hear the orchestra until Monday. Now, as it is very certain, that objections to the proportion of instruments in the orchestra could not by possibility give offence to any human being—the proportion of instruments being widely different from the merit of the performers—and as he might have formed and expressed such opinion in Paris as well as in London, before, as well as after hearing the band, it is evident that Mr. Mason has wholly mistaken the meaning of the passage; and we should not have thought it necessary to say another word on the subject, but that his letter led to some inquiry, and we have reason to believe that the report as stated in the *Athenæum* was correct. It is not indeed very extraordinary that it should be correct, when we consider the relative proportion of instruments in the orchestra at the Académie de Musique and the Opera House. Take this in brief: the proportion of wind instruments being much the same, we have

	At the Academy,	At the Opera,
Violini ripieni	28	— 18
Viola	8	— 6
Violoncelli	12	— 5!
Contra Bassi	10	— 5

The German operas, we hear, will take place on Fridays, for ten successive weeks. Mr. Mason acts wisely, in not giving them three times a week, as he originally intended. Madame Cinti was at the Opera on Tuesday last, and looked as pretty as ever; she will, if we mistake not, be the most successful *prima donna* of the troupe—for taste, inton-

ation, and neatness in execution, her singing is unique. Such a concourse of artists, French, Italian, and German, was perhaps never before assembled in London as at this moment—we counted at least twelve boxes occupied by them alone.

Benefit Concerts are announced in all directions. Some few years ago, the number of these appeals to the charitable benevolence of the musical public, did not exceed a dozen; now, the musical patron is taxed morning, noon, and night. We may perhaps briefly notice the talents of these *bénéficiaires* as their announcements reach us, in order that the public may understand their several pretensions. Such an *exposé* is wanted, to adjust the difference between self-adulation and claims to public support.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	Royal College of Physicians .. Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society .. Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	Linnean Society .. Eight, P.M.
	Horticultural Society .. One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers .. Eight, P.M.
WEDNESDAY,	Society of Arts .. p. 7, P.M.
	Geological Society .. p. 8, P.M.
	Royal Society of Literature .. Three, P.M.
THURSDAY,	Royal Society .. p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries .. Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society .. Three, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Royal Institution .. p. 8, P.M.
SATURDAY,	Royal Asiatic Society .. Two, P.M.

FINE ARTS

Gevartius: drawn on stone from the painting by Vandyke, in the National Gallery. F. W. Wilkin.

Lord Francis Leveson Gower: drawn from life on stone. F. W. Wilkin.

THESE are extraordinary works—indeed, the artist himself is an extraordinary man. Mr. Wilkin, we believe, was a professed miniature painter at eleven or twelve years of age—at fifteen he was professionally engaged, at a very high salary, to make copies from the most celebrated pictures of the old masters; and such was their truth and power, that we remember the President West called them, in honourable distinction, “original copies.” When little more than of age, he received a commission to paint a picture of the Battle of Hastings, for the Hall at Battle Abbey, of the extraordinary size of thirty-one feet by eighteen, and received 2000 guineas for it. Since then, he has been uninterruptedly engaged in making portraits, large as life, in chalk, and to such an extent that, we believe, a list of his works would include the names of half the nobility in the kingdom. In the early part of last year he came upon us in a new light, as a lithographic draughtsman, with portraits of Wordsworth, Cunningham, Lockhart and others, and one of extraordinary power, a head of Jesus, after Correggio. He is now understood to have finished his career, as a copyist, with this of *Gevartius*. It is truly admirable, and it would be worse than idleness to waste words in trifling objections. Henceforth, we hear, the artist intends to confine his lithographic works to portraits from life, on stone. The advantages of this new and masterly application of lithography are very great. The best engraving is but a fine copy, whereas every impression of such a lithograph must be nearly equal in truth and expression to an original drawing—and that which is done from nature, by an artist of power, can be done but once, nor is it probable that the engraver will equal that which the painter himself cannot. The undertaking was a bold and hazardous one: the means of altering and correct-

ing in lithography are so limited, that nothing short of a life of discipline and training, which, indeed, Mr. Wilkin has had, could justify the attempt; but this specimen of Lord Francis Leveson Gower, in our opinion, at once settles the question of success. This novel application of art is, to us, extremely interesting. If it be generally adopted, a selection from such heads will be a work of great value to the living, and still more to future generations. We have said little of the merit of this portrait as a work of art, because any work is comparatively unimportant when considering the art itself, and its power; but, in courtesy, we must finish our digression with one word of criticism, and shall add, that in delicacy and high finishing it is as soft and beautiful as a work of Correggio's.

The New Coat: painted by David Wilkie; engraved by Warren. Leggatt.

WILKIE never undertakes to tell a story without telling it; and the story of this little picture is well told: the quiet pleasure of the youth looking back towards a glass, fully satisfied with his own shape and the dexterity of Snip; and then the open-mouthed anxiety of the artist—for we may not call him tailor—are in the painter's own unequalled manner.

The Clubbist: painted by David Wilkie; engraved by Raddon. Leggatt.

THIS picture of a tipting and vociferous club is clever, but not so much so as most of the latter productions of the same artist; as, however, his works are not numerous, we are glad to see anything from his hand, for he never fails in truth and nature.

The Destruction of the Cities of the Plain: designed and engraved by James G. S. Lucas.

WE observe that Mr. Lucas is so much satisfied with the *Spectator* for saying that his works are as good as Martin's, *saving the originality of style*, that he has quoted the words as a recommendation to his productions. Though we think he has neither the harmony of light and shade, the skill in perspective, nor the wondrous splendour of Martin, we consider the ‘Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah’ as a work of great picturesque beauty.

The Hon. Mrs. Howard: painted by Davis; engraved by Cochran.

THIS portrait numbers as eighty-ninth of that series called the Female Nobility, published in *La Belle Assemblée*, and deserves the praise of being soft, graceful, and agreeable.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

ROSSINI'S Opera seria, ‘*Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra*, performed fourteen years ago for the benefit of Madame Fodor, was revived on Tuesday last, for the début of Signora Tosi. This lady is about thirty years of age, has a commanding figure, is dignified in her deportment, and possesses histrionic powers inferior only to Pasta's; her voice below *c* on the fourth space, is weak, and her upper notes to *c* are piercingly acute when forced. When executing rapid passages, her tremulous enunciation reminded us a little of Catalani, but this can hardly justify the comparison which has been quoted from Mr. Inglis's clever work on Spain; indeed, it strikes us as probable, that, had the faithful subjects of King Ferdinand witnessed successively a Fodor, Camporese, Sontag, Malibran and Pasta, they would have restrained their admiration, and saved the *Diario* a quire or two of waste paper. Throughout the evening the lady evidently laboured under great nervous excitement. The quality of her voice

being weakest in those notes which usually depict passion with the greatest effect, it speaks much in favour of her dramatic talent, that she portrayed with so much energy and success the conflicting feelings which agitate the bosom of the haughty queen. The original aria of this opera, known as ‘*Una voce poco fa*,’ was afterwards introduced by Rossini, with some slight alterations, into ‘*Il Barbiere*,’ and Tosi, by way of novelty, substituted one by Pacini.

This opera, speaking generally, contains many original melodies, some pleasing concerted music, and a few novel effects in harmony and instrumentation—it is generally considered a weak production; but we incline to believe that the opinion originates in there being no “basso” in the principal characters, to give richness to the combinations. The duet, with Winter, was the best singing of the evening—and the duet itself is full of expressive melody and character. The aria of Mathilde, in the first act, a scena for Norfolk, in the second act, were omitted; and for a duet between Norfolk and Leicester, was substituted an old hackneyed composition from Ricciardo, which has also been heard this season, in ‘*Mosé in Egitto*.’ Signor Vaccai did not allow any omissions, or stale intrusions, in his opera, and we ought not to have had so mutilated a representation of ‘*Elisabetta*.’ In a divertissement between the acts, Madame Herbele, a German dancer, made her first curtsy to an English audience. We cannot doubt that this lady will prove a most valuable addition to the corps de ballet, which is now the most effective we ever remember—she is as graceful as Taglioni herself, and, in some points, her superior.

The same opera was repeated on Thursday, and Tosi sang with more confidence and increased success. The best scenes of the drama were destroyed in interest by the assumed nonchalance of Madame Puzzi, who probably thinks herself degraded in taking a second part, when, in fact, she marred the effect of every concerted piece from her incompetency to sing the passages correctly in time and tune. The fine trio in the second act deserved better treatment; Tosi and Winter were most deservedly applauded, and the Signora again encored in the last finale. The *sautés* and bewitching look of the *Allemande* (Herbele)—the aerial flights of the *Italienne* (Brugnoli), and the neatly-executed *pas de la Française* (Le Comte), obtained an encore for each of their dances; their effects were quite extraordinary.

Lablache, we see, is announced to sing this evening and twice next week at the King's Theatre, previous to his departure for Naples.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Etudes Préparatoires: pour le Piano, faisant suite à l'Indispensable. Par. C. Chaulieu. Cocks.

THESE studies consist of thirty-six movements, in a variety of styles and keys, having an especial object in view, which is explained in English at the commencement of each. To practise with advantage, studies calculated for the perfection of pianoforte playing, these *Etudes* will gradually smooth the way. They contain the modifications of sound scrupulously indicated, the passages carefully fingered, and nothing neglected to initiate the aspiring student in the art of playing modern music in a proper style.

Five Airs de Ballet, from 'Robert le Diable,' as Rondos for the Pianoforte. By Herz. No. 1, 2, 3. Chappell.

THERE is more original and tasteful melody in one of the dances, which Rossini has composed for the French adaptation of ‘*Mosé in Egitto*,’ than in all these five airs together. No. 3, a

'Valse des Démons,' pleases us best; it is very characteristic. The arrangements, not difficult, are in the style of those of Auber's music, by the same author.

Anthem, composed for the Coronation of William the Fourth, arranged by the author, T. Attwood, for two performers on the Pianoforte, with accompaniments (ad lib.) for Harp and Flute. Novello.

Mr. Attwood's experience in arranging for these instruments, best qualifies him to do justice to his composition. The harp is judiciously and sparingly employed to fill up the harmony, and the flute to sustain the melodies. We have already reviewed the original composition, and have only now to recommend it in this new form.

Will you go? G. Linley, Esq.

The Union of the Roses. C. Hodgson. Duff & Co.

THE first of these ballads is gay and pleasant—its melody and accompaniment simple and natural. The second is more descriptive, and the music is appropriate. Both compositions are good of their kind.

Ah! Lovely Isabel! Cavatina sung by Braham, in 'Robert le Diable.' Meyerbeer.

When I bade Normandy adieu: sung by Mrs. Wood in ditto. Chappell.

THE first of these songs is simple, short, easy, not very original, and, by any other composer, would scarcely deserve particular attention: the second has character, pleasing melody, and a diversity of harmony. We anxiously wait to hear these compositions sung in their original situations, under the eye of the composer.

Three Airs de Ballet, arranged as Rondos for the Pianoforte. By Herz. Chappell.

THIS is the third number of dances from Auber's petite opera 'La Bayadere.' They are tastefully adapted to show off a moderate player without the cost of much labour, nor do they contain the usual difficulties in skips of the bass, for which Herz is but too remarkable.

THEATRICALS

THE customary 'Easter Offerings' have been made at both theatres. We should much like to have to report strongly in favour of both, because, each house having been recently provided with a successful first piece, an attractive second would have been doubly valuable to their respective treasuries. Consistently with truth, this cannot be done; and, at the expense of it, even our feeble support is not to be had. We are quite aware, that productions of this nature are not to be attacked with a tomahawk in one hand, and a scalping-knife in the other; but, making all due allowance, it must be admitted, that they are both unusually dull. Covent Garden has certainly the best of it; but the pre-eminence is not a very enviable one. It is quite true, that these pieces are intended more for children of the lesser than of the larger growth; but it is precisely on that account that their plots should be the more intelligible: and, that care should be taken to convey a wholesome moral in a simple and pleasing shape. There is generally a good prince protected by a good fairy, who ultimately triumphs over some wicked usurper or seducer, who is effectually supported in all but the last scene by a bad fairy. But this is not enough: the good, equally with the bad, almost invariably bring their characters from their last places; whereas, to make the lesson really useful to the minds of young people, the qualities of both parties should be put to an early test, before their faces. They would then start

with a strong interest upon the side of virtue, grounded upon actual evidence, instead of hearsay; and the effect would be permanent, instead of passing.

DRURY LANE.

ON Thursday a new play, in five acts, called 'The Merchant of London,' was produced here; it is, we understand, written by Mr. Serle, the actor, lately of the Coburg Theatre, but formerly of Covent Garden. The impression we had of this gentleman, as an actor, was always favourable. It is evident that he is a man of sense, of education, and of discrimination; indeed, nothing but a voice naturally defective, seems to stand between him and the highest honours of his profession. How he is ever to pass this barrier we know not, but we should much like to see him do so—for his own sake and for that of the public. Thursday is rather too late in the week for us to enter into any very minute detail of a piece produced on that night, and, therefore, not knowing how soon the 'Devil' may fetch our remarks, we will, at starting, say, that 'The Merchant of London' is a clever play, highly creditable to Mr. Serle's industry and talents. The plot is, upon the whole, good, though it is caked out by some glaring improbabilities—such, for instance, as *Fitzalan's* trusting a letter, in his own handwriting, addressed to a lady, and without any superscription, in the hands of two people, whom he has just before convicted of wilfully slandering him. The language is good, and sometimes forcible, though it does not possess much of the genuine spirit of poetry. The incidents are mostly good; and the characters well drawn. We would not willingly injure the plot by an incomplete report of it, but we must attempt an outline. *Scroope*, the merchant, full of wealth, and of an unexplained hatred towards *Lord Beaufort* and all the members of his family, has taken advantage of the necessities, caused by their extravagance, to get their estates and persons by degrees within his power. He has a niece, *Mariana*, whom he fondly loves; and who has various suitors, amongst others, *Richard Fitzalan*, a page in the service of *Lord Beaufort*. This is the favoured one, and 'The Merchant,' bent on his niece's happiness, consents to their union, to the exclusion of *Edward Beaufort*, who seeks her hand only for the money it is known her uncle can give her, and of two silly persons, *Parallel*, a pedant, and *Flaw*, a dissipated attorney. *Edward Beaufort*, disappointed and enraged, employs a party of ruffians from Alsatia to carry off *Mariana*. *Scroope*, frantic at the loss of his niece, puts all the power of the law in force against *Lord Beaufort* and his son, the latter of whom he causes to be arrested; *Mariana* has been in the meantime released by the connivance of two of the gang, and is restored in the last scene to her uncle and her lover. It appears that *Scroope*, when young and poor, had offended the pride of the Beaufort family, by a secret marriage with the sister of the present Lord, who, upon a discovery, had forced him to fly the country by an accusation of heresy, and driven his wife to a convent, where she died. Under a feigned name, he commenced business as a merchant, accumulated vast wealth, portions of which he has from time to time applied as before stated; and he now discovers himself to his brother-in-law, *Lord Beaufort*, and prepares to revenge himself on him, by driving him and his family from their forfeited possessions. His better feelings are worked upon, in consequence of a disclosure made by *Lord Beaufort*, that the page, *Edward Fitzalan*, is his (*Scroope's*) son, by the ill-fated marriage in question—the guilty are pardoned, and the good made happy. Mr. Macready, in the merchant, was much applauded; much of his acting was extremely

natural and effective, but it was disfigured by those mannerisms in which he will indulge. We think him clever enough to do without them, and are only sorry that he does not agree with us. Mr. H. Wallack made a very respectable villain; Mr. Cooper a ditto lover and page. Mr. J. Russell acted the pedant remarkably well; and Mr. Harley did his best with *Flaw*. Two parts, though they were trifling ones, were acted in this piece to perfection—a cut-throat Alsatian by Mr. Bedford—and a tailor by Mr. Salter. In France they would have received their due share of applause—here they got none. We borrow much of our neighbours from behind the curtain: we should like to see a little borrowed from before. Mrs. Orger and Miss Phillips did all that could be expected from them in their respective parts. We have much pleasure in congratulating Mr. Serle upon the deserved success of his play. It was well received throughout, and Mr. Macready was warmly applauded when he came forward to announce it for repetition "on Saturday." This brings us at once to the absurdity and falsehood of the puff put forth in large letters in the bills. This precious effusion, proceeding in their usual strain, asserts, that there was a "unanimous call for its repetition by a fashionable audience." Now, it happens that the audience was neither fashionable nor crowded, and that the call for its repetition was by no means unanimous. When Mr. Macready said it would be repeated on Saturday, two or three people in the upper boxes called out in unison "To-morrow—to-morrow;"—but the call was not taken up or joined in by the rest of the audience; and, though we are willing to admit, that it might have proceeded from a pardonable weakness on the part of the author's friends, we would venture a wager, that those two or three who made it had no intention of being present the next night—and that they were not so, unless they had special orders for the purpose. We feel it a duty to mention this, because, we perceive, that advantage has been taken of it to lay aside Mr. Planché's clever play called 'The Compact,' and we do it to enable all authors—a race for whom we have more than once professed much more regard than we feel for the generality of those who trade in their brains—to take warning by Mr. Planché's untimely fate, and never to make a bargain with any manager or managers for any piece which places their remuneration upon a nightly scale. Mr. Planché has done so, we understand, in the present instance, and he suffers for it. Managers are "honourable men,—all honourable men;" they are "spirited," "liberal," "active," and "enterprising"—all this we know, and we know that they have the best feelings towards authors, particularly those, by whose previous exertions they have pocketed hundreds: but from some unforeseen accident this arrangement never answers to an author. Everybody knows that Drury Lane Theatre is nearly deserted, and everybody who wishes well to the Drama laments it; but what can an author do more than write a piece which is thoroughly successful with those who come to see it? He has no extra reward if the theatre is ever so prosperous at the time; and he ought not to suffer because it happens to be in disrepute. "Due notice" of the next representation of 'The Compact' is all nonsense. This Mr. Planché must know, and he may therefore calculate to a fraction the value of his *Compact* at Drury Lane Theatre. We hope Mr. Serle has taken better care of himself.

'The Magic Car; or, Three Days' Trial.'—*Kemserai*, king of Serendib, wishing to travel, visits the city of Medhuscia. *Almanzor*, a young Persian nobleman, having travelled, returns home to it. Both find the people sorrowful and silent; but neither can find the reason. In vain *Kemserai* "gives it up," for still nobody

tells him. *Almanzor*, though puzzled, resolves to "guess again." He inquires of all his male friends: but neither they nor his inquiries answer. He applies to the ladies: to his increased astonishment, they are silent. Convinced, from this last phenomenon, that there must be either something or nothing worth telling, he perseveres, and, as will sometimes happen, prevails. It appears that a Magic Car has been lately plying for hire at one of the gates of the city, and that all who, tempted by the opportunity of having a ride for nothing, have gone by it, have, after an absence of two days, returned silent and sad. This news he communicates to *Kemserai*, who, nothing daunted, forthwith books an inside place. He is set down in "*Cassandra's* gorgeous Palace on the Silver Lake;" and the cause of the mystery is explained. All young men, on their arrival there, are subjected to various temptations. He who resists for three days is to free *Zeluca*, Queen of Medhucia, and, as is usual at coronations, "take her for his fee." *Kemserai* undertakes the task, and succeeds in it. Almost, not quite, within a few hours of the end of his probation, he exceeds in his potations, becomes rude to *Zeluca*, and his carriage comes without his ringing for it. *Almanzor* follows to the Palace, resists, like—"we don't know what, but certainly like anything but a Persian—all the temptations thrown in his way, and seems likely to come in for the prize. At length, even his stern virtue is in danger; but assistance is at hand: *Cassandra*, who, he it observed, is Queen of the Fairies, is at variance with *Gironda*, King of the Fairies—why, we are not told: they are not described as man and wife, and therefore there is no obvious reason for their quarrel. Through the agency, we suppose, of *Gironda*, a draught of the "transforming waters," which had been intended for somebody else, is swallowed by *Cassandra*. This operation immediately makes her old and ugly—sobs and saves *Almanzor*—enables him to complete his "three days' trial," and entitles him to the hand of *Zeluca*, whom he immediately hands over to *Kemserai*, as a just reward for his not having had virtue enough to earn her.

Moral—Nothing.

Of the acting it is not necessary to speak; there was nothing to act. We must however say, that Mrs. Humby, Mr. Harley, and Mr. Cooper, are entitled to pity and thanks. The scenery calls for no particular remark. The music, by Mr. T. Cooke, was pleasing and appropriate.

COVENT GARDEN.

'The Tartar Witch and The Pedlar Boy.'—*Azim*, Prince of Sensi, (Mrs. Vining,) is in love with *Cepherenza*, Princess of Honana, (Miss Cawse). Their proceedings are thwarted by *Benaska*, a roving Tartar chief, aided by *Maga*, the Tartar witch, (Miss Taylor); and forwarded by chance, as it would appear, personified by *Zamti*, the Pedlar Boy, (Miss Poole). *Zamti* is always at hand when he is wanted, whether it be to blow out lamps or brains. In the end, the fortunes of the good Prince and Princess go up, and the naughty Fairy goes down; and *Azim*, in return for little *Zamti's* having made a man of him, helps him off with his little coat, (the least he could,) and, to the astonishment of every body, makes a fairy of him. Why this should be, neither we nor the author can tell. Nothing has been done by the Pedlar Boy, which might not have been effected by any other sharp lad; and none but mortal agency has been used; no matter—it is for the better carrying on, or carrying off of the plot, and we must take it as we find it.

Moral—The same as at Drury Lane.

The piece is, as we have said, better than the Drury Lane one, but it is by no means equal to

many we have seen of Mr. Farley's. Miss Poole had not much to do, but she did her best, which, he it observed, is generally the best. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and Mrs. Taylure, had some comic business divided into three bad parts between them; they did the most they could with it; one scene, in which Keeley, being surprised in a stolen visit of courtship, escapes up the chimney, gets out at the top, and falls through a sky-light next-door, was droll enough; and when the scenery works better, which doubtless it does now, it will be likely to tell well. Mrs. Vining danced and fought as she always does, like a man, and had the good fortune to secure the especial patronage of a young gentleman near us in the dress boxes, who honoured her with several laudatory exclamations in the true Oh, my! and Oh, cry! voice which Mr. Mathews has immortalized. Once, in particular, we remember his calling out, with an intensity of interest, which we would give a quarter of a hundred of our best pens to feel again in an Easter piece, "See Pa! see, *Azim* has got a sword; Oh, cry! how well *Azim* fights." This was a genuine tribute from one of those for whom such pieces are more particularly intended; and we shall conclude our notice with it, because it will, perhaps, induce many of the joyous little fellow's fellow Oh, cry's! to ask Ma, to ask Pa, to let them go to Covent Garden, and see "how well Prince *Azim* fights."

'The Hunchback' continues its career of richly-merited popularity, and will, we hope, do so to the end of the season. Will the management pay this admirable play the just compliment of announcing it without puff? We would fain see a man of Mr. Knowles's genius protected against this Bartholomew Fair indignity.

MISCELLANEA

MAY is considered by the superstitious as an unlucky month to marry, or, as the Scotch say, "uncannie."—A lady, who was courted in April, being solicited by her lover to name the day in the following month for the wedding, replied that *May* was an unfortunate month; and, being asked to name it in June, asked if *April* would not suit just as well!

Natural History.—The earliest account we have of the singing of the cuckoo in the neighbourhood of the metropolis this season was in Wimbledon Park, on the morning of Tuesday the 17th instant; and the first recorded song of the nightingale was heard from the royal gardens at Kew, on the night of Sunday the 22nd.

The summer birds of song appear to come in rather more than usual numbers this season; there is a remarkable appearance of blossom upon the trees, and insects threaten to be to the full as numerous. It has been observed, that in years when the birds throng, their insect food throngs also. The common garden snail is more than usually annoying.

Periodical Literature of Sweden.—At the beginning of last year, there were twelve periodicals and sixty-nine newspapers in Sweden. Of the former, four were published in the capital, two in Upsala, and one in Lund; of the latter, seventeen in the capital, and seven in Gothenburg. The circulation of the most popular was but limited, with the exception of the official organs of government, none perhaps had more than 1200 subscribers, while the majority had less than 500. The newspapers, which are almost all in the interest of the opposition, are said to spring up and disappear like mushrooms; generally, however, it is only with a change of title. These changes are forced upon them by the legal state of the press: while it is declared free, journals cannot be published without a licence from government, which may be withdrawn at pleasure. It is not uncommon, there-

fore, for a journalist to have a reserve-licence in his pocket, and to hurry out a new paper as soon as the existing one is suppressed. As the new ones require no farther change in their title than the addition of some word, they contrive to print this so small, that the old title always remains conspicuous. Following this course, one paper contrived, in the course of one year, to appear with the following five titles:—*Medborgaren* (i.e. Citizen)—*Svenske* (Swedish) *Medborgaren*—*Den svenske Medborgaren*—*Den svenske Medborgaren i Stockholm*—*Svenske Medborgaren i Stockholm*. They are said to be conducted with more violence than talent. The best literary and scientific periodical is called *Seer*; but although it was established in 1817, only thirteen numbers of it have yet appeared. Two of the periodicals are theological.

Austrian Censorship.—"The interesting account in your last paper on the mysterious operations of the Austrian censorship, reminds me of a fact which has lately come to my knowledge, and which may serve as an illustration of that curious statement. An acquaintance of mine, whose name and residence, for obvious reasons, I suppress, lately wrote a grammar, and, having obtained the permission of one of the imperial princesses to dedicate his book to her, submitted it to the censorship,—confident that so harmless a work as a grammar, under such high auspices, could not fail to obtain the *Imprimatur*. But, to his astonishment, it was refused, and the MS. returned with a reprimand to the author, for having dared to offer it to the pure eyes of the princess, before it had received the sanction of the authorities. But the reason given for their refusal is very remarkable, and shows that the Austrian censorship is actuated by more than mere political motives, viz. the pecuniary interests of his imperial majesty's lieges; for he was told, that, although there was nothing in his book contrary to good government, religion, and good morals, a new grammar of that language was not wanted, inasmuch as there were several good ones in existence, the proprietors of which might be injured by his interference, without any benefit resulting therefrom to the public!"—*Correspondent*.

The Lumber Coves, Quebec.—Those who know and admire the value and creative power of trade and industry, the main sources of individual and public prosperity, would do well to visit the lumber coves in the vicinity of Quebec. About twenty years ago, there was hardly an inhabited house from the ship-yard Cape Diamond to Sillery, a distance of four miles; there are now probably five or six hundred, from the boarded hut of the day-labourer, to the substantial stone buildings of mercantile houses, neat counting-houses, well-furnished stores and tradesmen's shops, comfortable and spacious taverns and boarding-houses. The whole beach is covered with lumber; booms, wharfs, and ship-yards are provided; and the population is probably upwards of 3000 souls, besides the crews of 100 vessels sometimes loading at the same time, and numerous raftsmen from the upper countries. Here you may meet with people of all nations and tongues, generally peaceably, but earnestly, pursuing their various occupations; the manly, abrupt, and honest Englishman; the warm-hearted and ready-witted Irishman; the active, cheerful, and polite Canadian; the silent, intelligent, and calculating Yankee; and the industrious and frugal German. Even the Greek from Constantinople has found an asylum in the Lumber Coves of Canada.

Executions.—Hanging is, of a truth, a merciful infliction, when compared with the martyrdom, which the criminal underwent in former—"the good old" times. Take the following as a deplorable criterion. "Two brothers, of the order of Barons, and bearing the name of

Chlewec, had become infamously notorious by their atrocities on the high roads. They were taken and sentenced to be impaled at Prague in 1512. The one died instantly; but, the stake having been driven through the other in an ineffectual way, the executioner drew it out and impaled the criminal a second time, and, failing again, repeated the cruel task a third time, upon which the wretch turned round to his butcher and exclaimed, "The stake does not do its office properly by me!" He was, however, exposed in this state upon the scaffold, and besought the bystanders to loosen his hands, as he should then have an opportunity of making his escape! During the following night he contrived to break the stake asunder, and creep, with the remnant through his body, to Headeau, where he laid himself down on some manure near St. Benedict's, and, after having had the sacrament administered to him at his own solicitation, gave up the ghost.—*Scriptor. Rer. Bohemicar.* iii. 334.

Morals at Sparta.—Plutarch informs us, that Geradas, a primitive Spartan, was asked by a stranger, what punishment the law of his country had appointed for adulterers? He replied, that there were no adulterers in his country. But, continued the stranger, "suppose there were one, and the crime were proved against him, how would you punish him?" He answered, that the offender must pay to the plaintiff a bull, with a neck so long as that he might reach over the mountain Taygetus, and drink of the river Eurotas, which runs on the other side. The stranger, surprised at this, said, "Why, it is impossible to find such a bull." Geradas replied with a smile, "Tis just as impossible to find an adulterer at Sparta."

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. Mon. Max. Min.	Nom.		
Th. 10 60 40	29.39	W. to N. W.	Hail, P. M.
Fr. 20 51 36	29.50	S. W. to W.	Hail, P. M.
Sat. 21 45 39	29.98	W.	Clear.
Sun. 22 67 46	Stat.	SW to SE.	Drizzle.
Mon. 23 67 46	29.60	S. E.	Cloudy.
Tues. 24 56 33	29.58	N.	Drizzle.
Wed. 25 57 40	29.58	N. W.	Drizzle.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cymoid-cirrostratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus.
Nights and mornings for the greater part fair.
Mean temperature of the week, 51° 5'.
Day increased on Wednesday, 6 h. 42 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—Cavendish and his Critics, or Whig versus Tory.

The Book of Private Prayer; to which will be added a Scriptural Calendar. 2nd edit.

On the 1st of July will appear No. I. of *La Cour des Dames*, a Monthly Gazette of Fashion, Literature, and the Fine Arts. Under the superintendence of Mr. Harral, late Editor of *La Belle Assemblée*.

A Queer Book, by the Attriback Shephard.
Mr. Babiage is on the eve of issuing a work on the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures; to comprise, in a small compass, the results of his observations as to the various mechanical processes, and the internal domestic economy of the great manufactures, and the political economy of manufactures; the whole rendered popular by a continual reference to practical illustrations.

An Historical Sketch of Sanscrit Literature, with a biographical account of manuscripts and printed books in that language.

Demerara, a Tale by Harriet Martineau, being No. 4. of Illustrations of Political Economy, &c.

[List of Books published did not reach us.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to N. M.—G. C.

A note is left for W. J. It should have been forwarded had we known his address.

The MS. was returned to H. W. W. according to the address, but he was not known there. It has, therefore, been ever since at our Office.

The 'Fair of May Fair' has arrived too late for review this week.

Erratum.—In the Review of Achmet's Feast in *Athenæum*, April 21, the name of the Author should have been *Bird* instead of *Boid*.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Sales by Auction.

THE LATE MR. WAKEFIELD'S PICTURES.

MR. STANLEY respectfully announces that on Tuesday next, the 1st of May, will be submitted to PUBLIC SALE, at his Rooms, 21, Old Bond-street, by Order of the Executors, with the smallest reserve, the entire COLLECTION OF PICTURES and PRINTS, the property of the late JOHN WAKEFIELD, Esq. of Worthing; comprising genuine Works of

And many others of the Italian and Dutch Schools. May be viewed two days preceding, and Catalogues had at the Rooms: and at Mr. Stanley's new Gallery, in Maddox-street, Hanover-square.

IMPORTANT SALE.

THE KING OF SPAIN'S magnificent Vases of Oriental Porcelain, splendid Japan Cabinets, Florentine Mosaic Tables, and a Collection of Pictures of the first class and highest quality. MR. STANLEY has the honour of announcing to the Nobility and Gentry, Connoisseurs and Amateurs of the Fine Arts and of Vertu, that he will SELL BY AUCTION, at his new Gallery in Maddox-street, Hanover-square, on Wednesday, May 1, and following day, a singularly beautiful and truly VALUABLE COLLECTION OF PICTURES of the highest classes, consisting of the Works of the most eminent ITALIAN, SPANISH, DUTCH, and FLEMISH Masters, remarkable for the tasteful selection of Subjects, and the admirable quality of their execution. Also, the superb Assemblage of Twenty MAGNIFICENT VASES OF ORIENTAL PORCELAIN, manufactured expressly for the KING OF SPAIN, and bearing the Royal Arms; SPLENDID CABINETS of the finest Japan; rich FLORENTINE MOSAIC TABLES; a few choice BRONZES; and other Articles of a costly description interesting to the Artists. Catalogues may be had at the Gallery and Offices in Maddox-street, and of Mr. Stanley, Auctioneer, 21, Old Bond-street.

By Mr. SOTHERY and SON, at their House, Wellington-street, Strand, on Wednesday, the 9th day of May, 1832, and the following day, at Twelve o'clock.

THE CHOICE AND SELECT COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS, of the Modern English and French Schools, the Property of ALARIC A. WALES, Esq.; including many of the subjects engraved in the 'Literary Souvenir,' and other illustrated Publications. Among the Drawings are very fine Specimens of the following Artists:

Atkinson	Fielding (Copley)	Landseer (Charles)
Barrett	Fielding (Thales)	Laurence (Sir Thos.)
Beaume	Fielding (Newton)	Martin
Bentley	Fragonard	Milne
Bonington	Fragonard	Nash
Boys	Francis	Prout
Cathermole	Flint	Pugin
Charlet	Flint	Pyle
Colquhoun (Leon)	Harding	Ranlett
Cox	Hollis	Robson
Cole	Hollis	Roberts (David)
Cowsey	Hastings	Stothard
Cowen	Hamilton	Stanley
Danby	Ince	Stephenson (F. P.)
Davies	Judith	Stephenson (James)
Decamps	Johannot (Alfred)	Turner
Delacroix	Johannot (Tony)	Vernet (Lauran)
Desnoir	Johnson (Lauran)	Westall (W. J.)
Desnoir	Jones	Westall (R.)
Essex	Leslie	

The Pictures include Specimens by Flaxman, Reynolds (Sir Josh.), Allan, Arnold, Gandy, Stothard, Bone (R. T.), Gill, West (W. E.), Boxall, Girtoux, Wheatley, Holman, Wood, Edmundstone, Jadin, Wright, Fragonard, Lepoitvin.
To be viewed on Monday, May 7, and till the time of Sale, when Catalogues may be had.

MONTHLY REPOSITORY.

On Tuesday, May 1, No. 65, price 1s. 6d. of the MONTHLY REPOSITORY. Edited by W. J. FOX.
Containing, 1. Goethe—2. On Irish Scriptural Education, by an Irish Presbyterian—3. Rise and Progress of the Doctrine of the Trinity—4. Liese, a Tale, by the Author of 'Traditions of Palestine'—5. Paintings illustrative of Sacred History—6. The Leeds Controversy on the Christian Name—7. The Bible Society—8. Critical Notices—9. Correspondence.
C. Fox, 57, Paternoster-row.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

On Tuesday, May 1, No. 45, price 1s. 6d. of the MONTHLY REPOSITORY. Edited by W. J. FOX.
Containing, 1. Thomson's Poems—2. Homer's Hymn, No. 5, Ceres—3. Dumont's Recollections of Mirabeau—4. Tomy Smale—5. The Song of the Girdle—6. Critique on Miss Kemble's Critique—7. The Castle of the Isle of Rugen—8. The Great West India Meeting—9. The Jewess of the Cave, A Poem, in Four Parts—10. Domestic Manners of the Ancients—11. The Reform Debate in the Lords.
Printed for William Blackwood, No. 45, George-street, Edinburgh; and E. Cadell, Strand, London.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR MAY.

Price 2s. 6d.
Contents—1. Portrait of JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, from a Painting by Gideon Macton, Esq.—2. A Tale, by the Author of the 'Hunchback'—3. Critique on Miss Kemble's Critique—4. A Paper on the recently-discovered Books of Cicero—5. Lamentations of Landlord—6. Resources of Austria—7. Windlass Hall—8. Rights of Dramatists—9. Fresh Water Whistle, by the Author of 'Three Corners and a Desert'—10. Legal Monopoly—11. Conversations with the Double-sighted Youth—12. The Galley Slaves—13. Pericles; a Tale of Greece—14. Rambles in Germany—15. Sanctus to a Dead Leaf—16. The Regicide Virg—17. The Little Great and the Great Little—18. The Two Professors—19. Fairy Morgana's Wedding—20. Notes of the Month, Reviews, &c.
Whittaker and Co. London.

On Monday next will be published,

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. 11, for May, 1832.
Contents—No. 1, The Second Reading—2. The World of Books 3. Song of the Edinburgh Prisoners—4. The Irish Prisoners—5. Whimsy—6. The Sub-Lieutenant in Italy—7. The 11th Color—8. Use and Abuse of Political Terms—9. Slavonian Poetry—10. A Ballad, by W. Motherwell, Esq.—11. A Soldier's Tale, by John Malcolm, Esq.—12. Present State of Scottish Laids and their Tenants—13. Female Letter- Writers—14. EIKON BASHILKE; or, the Portraiture of Insulate Sagacious Majesty—15. Political State of the three Northern English Counties—16. The Philosophy of Shaking Hands—17. Non-Proposals; or, Doshia Resolved—18. Scottish Yearnity—19. Keep Him Down—20. Incidence of Tithes—21. British Writers on America—22. Scotland Taxed because of Church of Englandism—23. On a Sharp Debate in a certain Noble House—24. Irish Melodies—25. No. 1 and 11, New Series—26. Monthly Register.
Printed for William Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London; and John Cumming, Dublin.

TO THE CLERGY, LAND-OWNERS, MAGISTRATES, ETC. THE BRITISH MAGAZINE

OF RELIGIOUS AND ECCLESIASTICAL INFORMATION, PAROCHIAL HISTORY, DOCUMENTS respecting the STATE OF THE POOR, PROGRESS OF EDUCATION, &c.—for MAY, price 2s.

CONTAINS:
Original Papers: 1. On the Present State of Dissent—2. On the Comparative Importance of the Sermon and the Prayer—3. The Tithes—4. Notice of the Office of the Olden Time—5. Reparation of St. Albans Abbey, with an Engraving of the North Front of the Abbey Church, from Hawksworth the Architect's Plate, in 1721—6. Sacred Poetry—7. Correspondence: Observation of the Sabbath—Review of the Convocation—On letting Land to the Poor—8. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—9. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—10. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—11. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—12. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—13. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—14. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—15. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—16. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—17. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—18. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—19. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—20. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—21. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—22. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—23. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—24. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—25. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—26. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—27. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—28. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—29. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—30. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—31. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—32. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—33. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—34. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—35. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—36. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—37. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—38. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—39. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—40. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—41. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—42. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—43. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—44. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—45. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—46. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—47. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—48. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—49. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—50. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—51. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—52. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—53. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—54. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—55. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—56. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—57. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—58. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—59. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—60. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—61. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—62. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—63. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—64. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—65. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—66. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—67. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—68. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—69. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—70. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—71. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—72. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—73. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—74. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—75. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—76. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—77. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—78. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—79. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—80. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—81. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—82. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—83. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—84. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—85. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—86. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—87. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—88. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—89. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—90. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—91. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—92. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—93. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—94. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—95. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—96. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—97. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—98. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—99. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—100. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—101. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—102. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—103. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—104. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—105. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—106. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—107. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—108. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—109. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—110. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—111. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—112. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—113. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—114. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—115. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—116. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—117. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—118. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—119. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—120. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—121. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—122. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—123. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—124. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—125. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—126. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—127. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—128. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—129. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—130. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—131. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—132. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—133. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—134. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—135. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—136. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—137. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—138. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—139. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—140. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—141. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—142. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—143. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—144. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—145. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—146. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—147. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—148. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—149. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—150. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—151. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—152. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—153. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—154. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—155. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of the House of Commons on the Poor—156. Reviews: Barton's Sermons—Montgomery's Oxford-Biblical Cabinet—Gibson's Sermon—Girdlestone's New Testament—Reports of the Committee of

LITERARY FUND.—The **FOURTY-THIRD ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THIS SOCIETY** will be celebrated in Freemasons' Hall on **WEDNESDAY, the 9th of MAY**, when his Grace the Duke of SOMERSET, the President of the Institution, will take the Chair.

STEWARDS.

The Earl of Mulgrave,
The Lord Bishop of Chichester,
Lord Ingestrie,
Sir John Edw. Swinburne, Bart.,
Sir Richard Paul Jodrell, Bart.,
Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B.,
Dr. Birkbeck,
Launce Blanchard, Esq.,
Henry Brandreth, jun. Esq.,
James Colclough, Esq.,
C. W. Dilke, Esq.,
Dinner at six o'clock precisely.
Tickets, 20s. each, to be had of the Stewards; also of Mr. Snow, at the Society's Chambers, 4, Lincoln's Inn-fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.

JOSEPH SNOW.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—GERMAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Dr. Hausman will begin on Monday, the 7th of May, at Six o'clock, p.m., an Elementary Course of Thirty Lectures on the German Language, to be continued every Wednesday, Friday, and Monday, at the same hour. Fee 2s. 10s. Dr. Hausman intends to read during the next Session with those Medical Gentlemen who are desirous of becoming acquainted with German Medical Literature, some works connected with Medical subjects, for which they would be prepared by attending the above Course.

ELECTRICITY, MAGNETISM, AND ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

Dr. Ritchie will commence a Popular Evening Course of Sixteen Lectures on the same Subjects, on Tuesday the 8th of May, at Seven o'clock; to be continued every Tuesday and Friday at the same hour.

It is not necessary that persons attending this or any other Course of Lectures in the University should be matriculated Students.

THOMAS COATES.

Council Room, April 16, 1852.

LECTURES ON GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, London.

CHARLES LYELL, Esq. M.A. F.R.S. and For. Sec. G.S., will, on Tuesday the 1st of May, begin a COURSE OF LECTURES, to be continued every Tuesday and Friday, at Two o'clock, p.m., on the Science of GEOLOGY. The Course will consist of Twelve Lectures. Fee 11s. 6d.

W. OTTER, M.A., Principal.

N.B. Persons not connected with the College may enter for attendance at the above or any other Course.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.—

Head Masters—Thomas Hewitt Key, M.A., Professor of Latin, and Henry Malden, M.A., Professor of Greek.

Classical Assistants—A. J. W. Morrison, B.A., Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Thomas Daves, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

Classical and General Assistant—Mr. Hardy.

For the Elements of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy—Mr. Wilson G. Turner, of the University of London.

French—Mr. Merlet, of the University of London.

Drawing—Mr. Lequestre.

Writing—Mr. Harwood.

The School Year is divided into three Terms, the first commencing on the 1st of October, the second on the 13th of January, and the 3rd a week after Easter. The fee for each is 3s.

The School closed for the Holidays on Wednesday the 18th, and re-opens on Monday the 30th of April.

The Subjects taught are Reading, Writing; the Properties of the most familiar Objects, Natural and Artificial; the English, Latin, Greek, and French Languages; Ancient and Modern History; Geography, both Physical and Political; Arithmetic; the Elements of Mathematics, and of Natural Philosophy, and Drawing.

Council Room, April, 1852.

This day is published, bound in waved silk, gilt edges, price 7s.

RICORDANZA; OR, FRIENDSHIP'S MEMENTO.

Consisting of the most exquisite Pieces of Modern English Poetry, with some Extracts from the French and Italian, and a few Original Pieces.

London: Hamilton and Adams; Birmingham, Wrightson and Webb.

UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

On the 1st of May will be published, price 2s. 6d.,

CRIMINAL TRIALS, Part I., forming the

thirty-first Part of the LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE. The Second Part, and the Volume bound in cloth, price 4s. 6d. will be published on Saturday, May 12.

London: Charles Knight, Pall Mall East.

This day is published, post 8vo. 6s. 6d.

HULSEAN LECTURES FOR THE YEAR 1851.

THE VERACITY OF THE HISTORICAL BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, from the Conclusion of the Pentateuch to the Opening of the Prophets; being a *Continuation of the Argument for the Veracity of the Five Books of Moses.*

By the Rev. J. J. BLUNT.

Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

John Murray, Albemarle-street.

On Monday, the 7th of May, will be published, price 2s. 6d.,

the Third Part of

FINDEN'S

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS to the

LIFE AND WORKS OF LORD BYRON. Containing,

1. *Genova.* J. D. Harding; after a Sketch by W. Page.

2. *Chianon.* J. D. Harding; after a Sketch by W. Page.

3. *Bellegio.* Lazo di Cono. H. Gaslinen.

4. *Spoleto.* J. D. Harding.

5. *Portrait of Miss Charnock.* drawn by F. Stone.

The numerous Subscribers are respectfully assured, that the want of regularity in the appearance of a Part on the First of every month, has solely arisen from anxiety to produce a series of Plates every way worthy of the unprecedented success which the Work has met with; and from the time necessarily occupied in printing the large number required previous to publication. So h arrangements, however, have at length been completed, as will ensure a more rapid appearance of the future Parts.

John Murray, Albemarle-street; sold also by Charles Tilt, Fleet-street.

On the First of May will be published, Part I. of

THE BYRON GALLERY;

A SERIES OF

HISTORICAL EMBELLISHMENTS,

TO

ILLUSTRATE THE POETICAL WORKS OF LORD BYRON;

Engraved in the highest style of Art, from Drawings and Paintings by the most celebrated Artists, and adapted, by their size and excellence, to embellish every edition of the Poet; more especially that of LORD BYRON'S LIFE AND WORKS, now in the course of publication by Mr. Murray.

ADDRESS.

It is a subject of general observation and regret, that, notwithstanding the present enthusiastic admiration and encouragement of the Fine Arts, no series of Pictorial Illustrations has hitherto appeared, which is worthy of the name and genius of Byron. The Plates which Mr. Murray is now publishing, simultaneously with his complete and elegant edition of the noble Poet's Works, are, unquestionably, beautiful specimens of art, wherein the genius of Finden has been employed with its accustomed excellence; but they entirely consist of Portraits, and Landscape Views of those scenes which are incidentally described in the several Poems. A rich and abundant harvest still remains to be gathered in. The glorious 'imaginations,' which the mind of Byron alone could conceive, are yet to be embodied in the eye of his admirers, by the aid of graphical illustrations, whereby the Genius of Painting may contribute her fairest forms to decorate the immortal creations of Poetry.

It is the confessedly ambitious design of the present Work to supply a deficiency which is alike the occasion of surprise and concern. They boldly declare their conviction of the inadequacy of all previous attempts to depict the characters of the Muse of Byron has summoned into existence; and they invite the patronage of the Public to a proposed connected Series of Illustrations of the Works of Lord Byron, which shall be worthy of the fame of the Poet, and which shall challenge the admiration of the refined and fastidious taste of the present age.

The distinguished talent employed upon the work; the careful and laborious industry with which its details are superintended; the unsparring employment of capital; and the insignificant price affixed, abundantly prove that the Proprietors not only aim at the highest excellence, but that they alone depend upon the most extensive sale for their remuneration.

CONDITIONS OF PUBLICATION.

I. The Illustrations will be engraved in the highest style of the Art, and by the best Engravers in the Kingdom, from Drawings and Paintings by the most celebrated Artists.

II. They will be completed in six, or at most, in eight Parts, each containing Five Plates, which will be adapted, by the size of the paper, for binding up with any edition of Byron's Works. Ample directions will be given in the last Part in the manner of binding.

III. Part I. will appear on the 1st of May, and the succeeding Parts on the first day of every subsequent alternate month. The Series will thus reach its term of completion at the same time with the new edition of Byron now publishing by Mr. Murray, which it is more especially the object of these Engravings to illustrate.

IV. The price of each Part, neatly done up in a coloured wrapper, will be Four Shillings and Sixpence;—at which sum, when the style of the execution is considered, these Illustrations are offered as the cheapest that have ever been published; and from which the Proprietors can only hope for remuneration by a very extensive sale.

A limited number of Proofs will be taken on royal quarto.

Price, on plain paper 6 0.

India 7 6.

India, before the letters 10 6.

Booksellers in the Country desirous of having Prospectuses and Specimens of these elegant Plates to show to their friends, will please to apply direct to the Publishers (postage free), giving the names of their London Agents, through whom they will be immediately forwarded.

Published by Smith, Elder and Co. 65, Cornhill.

TRUTH VERSUS TACTICS; OR, AN EXPOSÉ

of certain recent Pyrotechnic Proceedings of the Council of the Royal Society.

By Sir JAMES SOUTH.

Printing for B. Fellows, Ludgate-street.

DR. ROBERTSON'S LECTURES.

This day is published, by Baldwin and Cradock, and to be had of all Booksellers, price 1s. 6d. with a stiffened cover.

TWO LECTURES ON THE CIRCULATION, RESPIRATION, AND MODE OF NUTRITION IN ANIMALS, AND PLANTS; with an Account of the Mode of Growth in the latter, and an Investigation into the mutual Relation which subsists between them, as lately delivered, before the Chesham School of Agriculture and Philosophical Society, by W. R. ROBERTSON, M.D.

Price 1s. 6d. in boards, and 1s. 10s. in silk, illustrated by 56 Vignettes (26 of which are Landscapes by Turner).

ITALY. A POEM.

By SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.

1. The Hunchback. By James Sheridan

Knowles. 4s. sewed.

2. The Population Returns of 1831. By J.

Rickman, Esq. 10s. cloth.

3. The Maid of Elvar. By Allan Cunningham,

Esq. 6s. boards.

E. Moxon, 64, New Bond-street.

FRENCH FAMILY LIBRARY.

Just published, Vols. XXIV. XXV. XXVI.

OF SECOND SERIES—POETS.

Vols. I. II. III. containing

LES ŒUVRES DE BOILEAU.

Price of each Volume, handsomely done up in fancy boards,

3s. 6d.; or on fine paper, 4s. 6d.

THE DRAMATIC SERIES is now completed in 22 vols. con-

sisting of MOLIÈRE, 7 vols. With Portrait.

CORNÉILLE, 4 vols. 3s. 6d. per vol. common paper;

RACINE, 5 vols. 3s. 6d. per vol. common paper;

VOLTAIRE, 7 vols. 3s. 6d. per vol. common paper;

Printed for Trevelick, Watts, and Richter, 30, Soho-square.

Just published, in 2 vols. post 8vo. with Plates, 20s.

SIX MONTHS IN AMERICA.

By G. T. VIGNE, Esq. Barrister-at-Law.

"This work is the production of an intelligent and a rational

man; one who gives information rather than amusement. We

have not seen a more fair and unprejudiced view taken of the

present position of the United States."—*Lit. Gazette*, April 7.

"The chief merit of these volumes, next to their impartiality

is the clear pictures and national views which the author every

where draws. The laws, the religion, the vineyards, the mines,

the elections, the congress, and the Indians, are all matters

examined and discussed by our traveller; nor does he leave un-

noticed the more interesting topic of the 'Canadas.'—*Athenæum*,

April 7.

Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. Ave Maria-lane.

ON MONDAY, the 2nd edition, with 25 Plates, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE

AMERICANS.

By FRANCES TROLLOPE.

"This is exactly the title-page we have long wished to see, and

we rejoice to say that, now the subject has been taken up, it is

handled by an English lady of our acquaintance, who possesses

very considerable power of expression, and enjoyed unusually

favourable opportunities for observation."—*Quarterly Review*,

No. 93.

Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. Ave Maria-lane.

NEW NOVELS.

COUNTRY HOUSES.

A Novel. By a Lady.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

A Novel.

"This is a very delightful and interesting work on a very de-

lightful subject."—*Literary Review*.

THE JESUIT.

A Novel.

THE INVASION.

By the Author of 'The Collegians.'

"A work of very great research, power, and high entertain-

ment."—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

MR. LODGE'S NEW WORK.

The Genealogy of the British Peerage; with

brief Sketches of the Family Histories of the Nobility. By Ed-

mund Lodge, Esq. Norfolk King of Arms.

Spaunders and Bray, Public Library, Conduit-street.

At this extensive Establishment the perusal of all New Publi-

cations, English and Foreign, may be obtained in Town or

Country. Terms on application.

NOVELS BY DISTINGUISHED WRITERS.

CHANTILLY.

Dedicated to the Princess Louise d'Orléans. 3 vols.

"Chantilly reminds us touchingly of one of the most admirable

fiction of the language, 'The Bride of Lammermoor.'—*Athen-*

æneum.

"It has much of that dramatic power of incident which is the

great charm of 'The Canterbury Tales.'—*Literary Gazette*.

"It is enriched with a melancholy interest akin to that of 'Guy

Manning.'—*Miles*.

THE ROBBER.

By the Author of 'Charley the Fatalist.' 3 vols.

"A romance of great power and ability."—*Lit. Guardian*.

THE JEW.

3 vols.

"This is a very extraordinary production."—*Athenæum*.

CAMERON.

3 vols.

"Its dialogues and scenes very strongly remind us of 'Self-

control,' and of 'Marriage,' and 'Inheritance.' There are pic-

tures of life in Scotland scarcely to be surpassed."—*Spectator*.

Printed for Edward Hull, New Public Subscription Library, 25,

Holles-street, Cavendish-square, and to be had at all the principal

Booksellers and Libraries in the Kingdom.

London: J. HOLMES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

Published every Saturday at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, 7,

CATHERINE STREET, Strand, by J. LECTION; and sold by

all Booksellers and News-vendors in Town and Country;

G. G. BERNIS, No. 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; Neu-

mann & Barry, Braunschweig; FRETZKE & BROSCH, Hamburg;

F. FLEISCHER, Leipzig; GRAY & BOWEN, Boston, America—

Price 4s.; or in Monthly Parts (in a wrapper.)

Advertisements, and Communications for the Editor (post paid)

to be forwarded to the Office as above.